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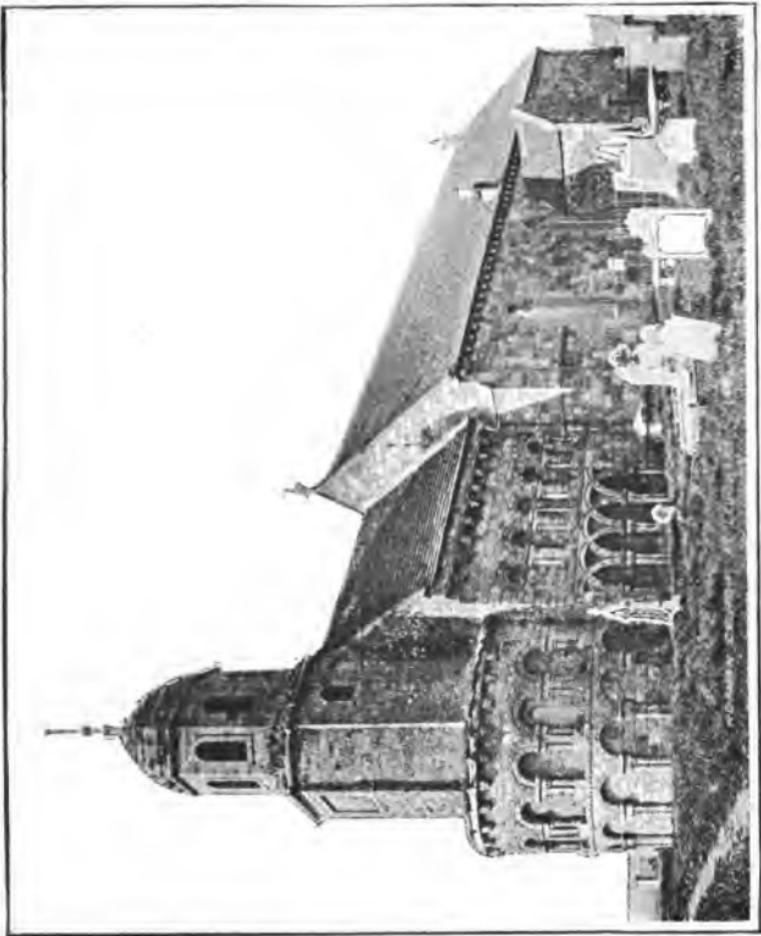
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THE NEW YORK

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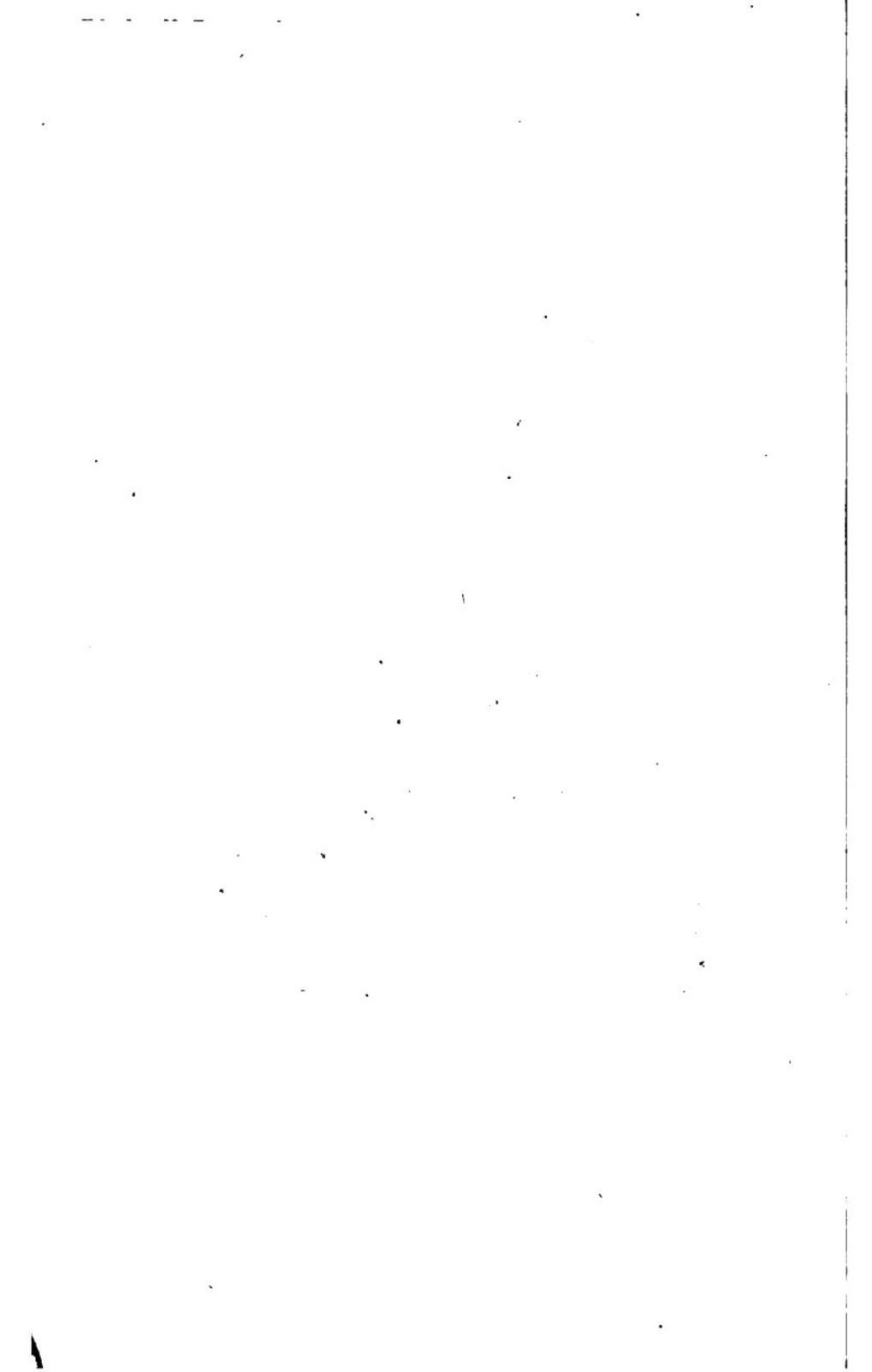
Author of "In the Regions of the West."

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Dundee.

W. & D. C. THOMSON, "WEEKLY NEWS" DEALERS.

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1890.



HISTORY OF NEWPORT

And the Parish of Torgan;

AND

RAMBLES ROUND THE DISTRICT.

BY J. S. NEISH,

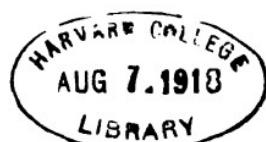
Author of "In the Bye-Ways of Life," &c.

Dundee:

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William Endicott, Jr.*

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INTRODUCTION.

THE "HISTORY OF NEWPORT" originally appeared in a series of papers in the *Courier & Argus* several years ago. These articles have been revised and extended, and, with the addition of a few historical and descriptive sketches of places of interest in the neighbourhood, are now presented in a more permanent form. The writer makes no apology for thrusting himself on the public as the historian of Newport. The task was laid to his hands, and he felt bound to complete it to the best of his ability. Materials were collected from the most authentic sources, and every care has been taken to render the work as reliable as possible. From the meagre information available to the writer, many things may have been omitted, and inaccuracies may have slipped in unconsciously, but the main facts have been well attested, and the writer trusts that the work may prove useful and interesting as a local history. The writer owes a deep debt of gratitude to the late Rev. Dr. THOMSON of Forgan, who kindly supplied valuable information, and took a warm interest in the publication of the papers. Many kind friends in Dundee and Newport also lent their aid, and to these he begs to return his sincere thanks.

During the progress of the work through the press many events have transpired which have only been briefly alluded to. We began by calling Newport a village, but it has now been raised to the position of a burgh. That result was largely due to Mr. ALEXANDER SCOTT, banker, whose zeal on behalf of the community was rewarded by his having been elected to the position of Chief Magistrate and Chairman of the first Police Commission. His colleagues in office were—Messrs. J. H. WALKER (Senior Magistrate), J. F. MILLAR (Junior Magistrate), M. S. CARR, L. M'KENZIE, J. THOMSON, THOS. SCOTT, J. M'LAGGAN, R. HUNTER, THOS. CONGLETON, Clerk, and F. G. KEMP, Collector and Treasurer. Great improvements have been wrought out since the Police Act was adopted, which have added to the comfort of the inhabitants. The Lindsay Act has also been adopted in Tayport, and a supply of water from Dundee *via* Tay Bridge, has been introduced. The following gentlemen were elected as the first Police Commission :—JAMES S. YOUNG (Chief Magistrate). JAS. DONALDSON, Jun. (Senior Magistrate), WILLIAM MILN, JAMES FYFE, JAMES SCOTT, JOHN D. WHYTE, WILLIAM HENDERSON, MARSHALL DUNCAN, WILLIAM WELCH, PETER KAY WHITE, Clerk, JOHN ERSKINE, Collector and Treasurer. A new Railway Bridge has been erected on the Tay, almost on the site of the unfortunate structure which was blown down in the winter of 1879. Railway Stations have also been established at

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Railways have now superseded the stage coaches, but yet it may be said of these old-fashioned conveyances, if they were slow, they were at least a comparatively safe mode of travelling. Accidents did occur, but as compared with modern railway collisions these were trifling in their nature. About the close of the coaching era an accident, which resulted fatally, occurred on the road near Newport, by which Mr. Alexander Kidd, father of our respected townsman, Mr. W. Kidd, bookseller, Whitehall Street, was killed almost instantaneously. Mr. Kidd carried on business as a wright in Newport, and was much respected in the neighbourhood. On the morning of Wednesday, 24th February, 1836, he went to Cupar on business, and returned with the "Kingdom of Fife" coach in the afternoon. While the vehicle was proceeding slowly down the slope on the road leading to Newport Inn, and when near the toll bar, he left his seat on the front of the coach on the left hand side while the machine was in motion, for the purpose of crossing a field as a short cut to his home. In coming down he slipped and fell in front of the fore wheel, and before the driver could pull up his horses the two wheels passed over his body, crushing his breast in a dreadful manner. Some persons who witnessed the accident, carried the unfortunate man to the footpath, and despatched a messenger for a neighbouring blacksmith, in the hope that bleeding might prove restorative. Life, however, was found to be extinct. This

melancholy event caused a gloom to fall over the little community, the more so that the deceased left a widow and several young children to lament his loss.

But to return to the ferries and the ferrymen. In the year 1815, the attention of the public in both counties was directed to the system—or want of system—which at that time characterised the management of the ferries. The public were roused to action by a terrible disaster which occurred on the Tay, on the forenoon of Sunday, 28th May, 1815. A pinnace, under the command of a man named John Spalding, capsized when about half-a-mile from the Fife shore, and out of twenty-four or twenty-five persons on board, only seven were saved. The accident—which was entirely due to the recklessness of the boatmen—happened in this manner:—The pinnace, “Nelson,” partly owned by John Spalding and a man named Stark, left the Craig Pier about ten o’clock in the forenoon for Newport, with an over-freight of passengers on board, some of whom, it was said, were on their way to Kilmany to hear the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers preach his farewell sermon in Kilmany Kirk previous to his leaving for Glasgow. Spalding, the captain of the pinnace, was a rough, reckless character, of Herculean proportions, and was popularly known by the nicknames of “Ballad and Cossack Jock.” During the wars of the great Napoleon he had been in the habit of composing ballads against “Boney,” and singing them through

the streets of Dundee, and for his minstrel talents he had been dubbed with these distinguishing soubriquets. By this time, however, Jock had abandoned the Muse, and taken to the life of a ferryman. Jock was a rough sort of a fellow, but a great favourite amongst his fellow-townspeople, and it is said that the money with which he purchased the boat, or his share in it, was subscribed by a few friends in Dundee. Besides being over-loaded, the pinnace took a Tayport yawl in tow, on board of which was a man named Brown. A strong gale was blowing from the south-east against the ebbing tide, causing a heavy swell in the Firth. The sand bank opposite the Craig had been left bare by the tide, and the boat was rowed close along the shore as far as the east harbour to double the eastern end of the bank. When the bank was cleared the huge lugsails were hoisted and belayed tight, and the boat headed for the Fife side. At first the main sheet was close reefed, but Jock insisted on putting more sail on, and, in spite of the remonstrances of those on board, he let out the reefs and unfurled the whole breadth of the canvas. Under such a press of sail, and with a stiff breeze, the pinnace plunged madly on her course, the seas flying over her bows. The passengers began to get alarmed, and insisted on the crew shortening sail. But Jock was obstinate, and an angry altercation ensued. When within half-a-mile of the Fife coast, the man at the helm left his post, either to clear the yawl's tow-rope, or else to assist in taking down the main

lugsail. The craft, left to herself, swung broadside on to the wind, when a sudden gust caught her sails and threw her on her beam ends, and, before the sails could be let loose, the boat filled with water and sank. Most of the helpless passengers went down with the sinking craft, but a few were left struggling on the surface, and six were picked up by the man in the Tayport boat. With great presence of mind, he cut his tow rope as the pinnace was sinking, and thus saved himself and his boat.

Among the passengers were two boys named Scott, sons of George Scott, merchant tailor, Dundee. The eldest boy, Hugh, leaped from the sinking boat and swam to the yawl, and was taken on board. He then stretched out an oar to his younger brother, James, who was floating near, and kept him afloat till he was rescued by the assistance of Brown, who also succeeded in saving other five of the unfortunate crew and passengers. The names of the others saved were :—John Stark, one of the crew ; David Brown, boatman, Tayport ; Thomas Rollo and George Wilson, boatmen's sons ; and William Ramsay, currier, Dundee. The following is a list of the names of those who were drowned :—John Spalding, captain of the boat ; David Melville ship carpenter, Dundee, and his son, thirteen months old ; John Luke, flaxdresser, and his son, seven, and daughter, fifteen years of age ; Captain Dickson, St. Andrews, and his cabin boy, named Melville ; Robert Penman, son of Mr. Penman, blockmaker, Dundee ; Robert Stark, son of John Stark ; John

Wilkie, twelve years, son of David Wilkie, carter ; Robert Smith, currier, and Alex. Smith, copper-smith—both fifteen years of age ; William Taylor, apprentice ropespinner ; a boy named Fenton, and a lad named John Burnett, son of William Burnett, shipmaster. It seemed that the lad Burnett had lost his mother two years previously, and after her death he had taken on himself the entire management of his father's house and care of five children, a duty he had performed most nobly and well.

The accident was witnessed from Newport, and a boat at once put off to render assistance, but by the time the scene of the catastrophe was reached, the last of the passengers had sunk to rise no more. Nothing more could be done, and the boat returned to Newport with those who had been saved, where they were kindly treated by Mr. Gordon, innkeeper, and all the inhabitants of the village.

It was reported that the crew of a pinnace who witnessed the accident acted in a very heartless manner. They were on their way across the river, and passed so close to the scene of the accident that the face of Captain Dickson was recognised as he was struggling for life in the water ; and though they were within an oar's length of a woman, whose arms and clothes were seen floating on the surface, yet the crew only hauled their main-sheet for a minute, and then held on their course, leaving the poor creatures to their fate. If this be true, it reflects severely

on the character of some at least of the boatmen of the Tay.

A few days after the ill-fated boat floated, and was picked up and brought to land, when it was found that all her sails were set and securely fastened down. The bodies of the unfortunate passengers and crew were recovered in the course of a few weeks, that of "Cossack Jock" being amongst the last to be cast up by the tide. The following ludicrous incident connected with the finding of Spalding's corpse is related by Thomas Hood, author of "The Song of a Shirt," then a young man, living in Dundee. The story, which we give in full, appeared in *Hood's Own Comic Annual*, and is entitled—

"THE APPARITION."

"To keep without a reef in a gale of wind like that—Jock was the only boatman on the Firth of Tay to do it."

"He had sail enough to blow him over Dundee Law."

"She emptied her ballast, and came up again with her sails all standing; every sheet was belayed with "a double turn."

"I give the sense rather than the sound of the foregoing speeches, for the speakers were all Dundee ferry boatmen, and broad Scotchmen, using the extra wide dialect of Angusshire and Fife

"At the other end of the low-roofed room, under a coarse white sheet, sprinkled with sprigs of rue

and rosemary, dimly lighted by a small candle at the head and another at the feet, lay the object of their comments—a corpse of startling magnitude. In life poor Jock was of unusual stature, but, stretching a little perhaps, as is usual in death, and advantaged by the narrow limits of the room, the dimensions seemed absolutely supernatural. During the warfare of the allies against Napoleon, Jock, a fellow of some native humour, had distinguished himself by singing about the streets of Dundee, ballads—I believe his own—against ‘old Boney.’ The nickname of ‘Ballad Jock’ was not his only reward. The loyal burgesses subscribed amongst themselves, and made him that fatal gift, a ferry boat, the management of which we have just heard so seriously reviewed. The catastrophe took place one stormy Sunday, a furious gale blowing against the tide down the river—and it is anything but what the Irish call ‘weak tay’ at such seasons. In fact, the devoted ‘Nelson,’ with all sails set, fair weather fashion, caught aback with a sudden gust, and, after a convulsive whirl, capsized and went down in forty fathoms, taking with her two-and-twenty persons, the greater part of whom were on their way to hear the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, even at that time highly popular, though preaching in a small church—I forget the name—in Fife. After all the rest had sunk in the water, the huge form of Jock was observed clinging to an oar, barely afloat, when, some sufferer probably catching hold of his

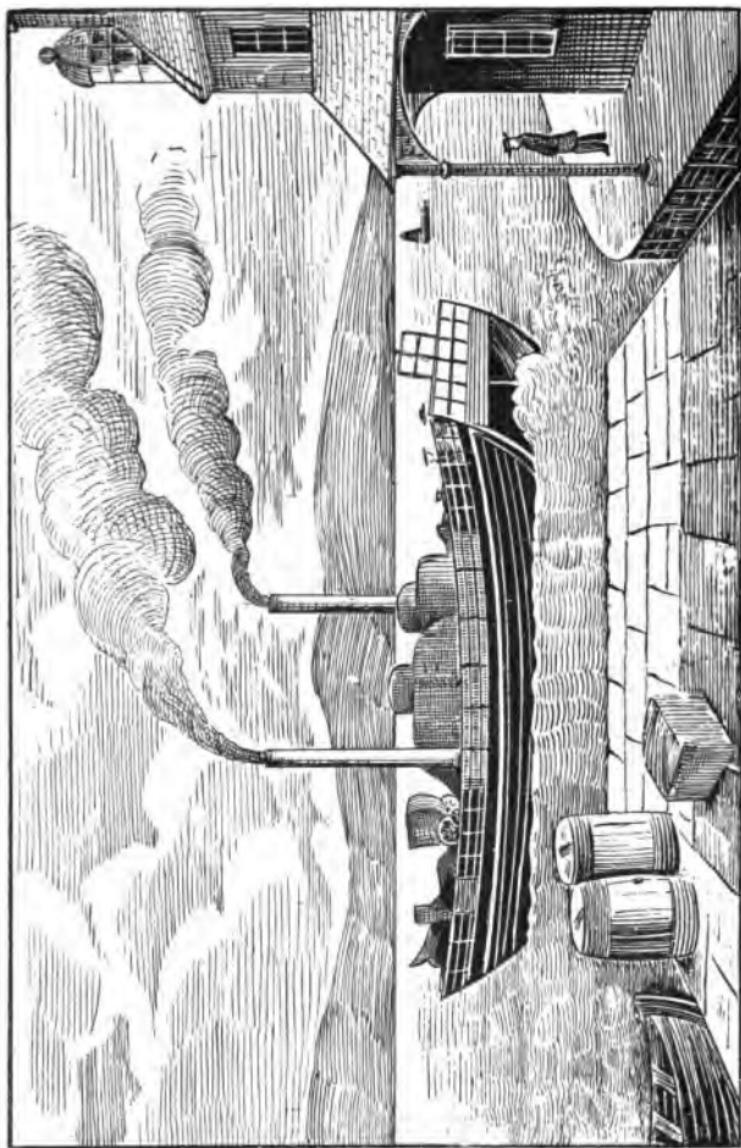
feet, he suddenly disappeared, still grasping the oar, which afterwards springing right up into the air as it rose again to the surface showed the fearful depth to which it had been carried. The body of Jock was the last found ; about the fifth day it was, strangely enough, deposited by the tide at the threshold of his own dwelling at the Craig, a small pier or jetty frequented by the ferry boats. It had been hastily caught up, and in its clothes laid out in the manner just described—lying as it were in state—and the public, myself one, being freely admitted as far as the room would hold. It was crowded by fishwives, mariners, and other shore hunters, except a few feet next the corpse, which a natural awe towards the dead kept always vacant. The narrow death's door was crammed with eager listening and looking heads, and, by the buzzing without, there was a large surplus crowd in waiting before the dwelling for their turn to enter it.

“On a sudden, at a startling exclamation from one of those nearest the bed, all eyes were directed to that quarter. One of the candles was fluttering and sputtering near the socket, the other just twinkling out and sending up a stream of rank smoke ; but by the light, dim as it was, a slight motion of the sheet was perceptible just at that part where the hand of the dead mariner might be supposed to be lying by his side. A scream and shout of horror burst from all within, echoed, though ignorant of the cause, by another from the

crowd without. A general rush was made towards the door, but egress was impossible. Nevertheless, horror and dread squeezed up the company in the room to half their former compass, and left a far wider blank between the living and the dead. I confess at first I mistrusted my sight ; it seemed that some twitching of the nerves of the eye, or the flickering of the shadows thrown by the unsteady flame of the candle, might have caused some optical delusion ; but after several minutes of sepulchral silence and watching, the motion became more awfully manifest, now proceeding slowly upwards, as if the hand of the deceased, still beneath the sheet, was struggling up feebly towards his head. It is possible to conceive, but not to describe, the popular consternation—the shrieks of women—the shouts of men—the struggles to gain the only outlet, choked up and rendered impassable by the very effort of desperation and fear—clinging to each other and with ghastly faces that dared not turn from the object of dread. The whole assembly backed with united force against the opposite wall with convulsive energy that threatened to force out the very sides of the dwelling, when—startled before by silent motion but now by sound—with a smart rattle something fell from the bed to the floor, and disentangling itself from the death's drapery, displayed a large pound crab. The creature with some design, perhaps sinister, had been secreted in the ample clothes of the drowned seaman ; but even the com-

parative insignificance of this apparition gave but little alleviation to the superstitious horrors of the spectators, who appeared to believe firmly that it was only the Evil One himself transfigured. Wherever the crab straddled sidelong, infirm beldames and sturdy boatmen equally shrank and retreated before it; ay, even as it changed its place, to crowding closely round the corpse itself, rather than endure its diabolical contact. The crowd outside, warned by cries from within of the presence of 'Mahound,' had by this time retired to a respectable distance, and the crab, doing what herculean sinews had failed to effect, cleared for itself a free passage through the door in a twinkling, and with natural instinct began crawling, as fast as it could clapper-claw, down the little jetty before mentioned, that led into his native sea. The Satanic spirit, however disguised, seemed everywhere distinctly recognised. Many at the lower end of the Craig leaped into their crafts, one or two even into the water, whilst others crept as close to the verge of the pier as they could, leaving a thoroughfare—wide as 'the broad path of honour'—to the Infernal Cancer. To do him justice he straddled along with a very unaffected unconsciousness of his own evil importance. He seemed to have no aim higher than salt water and sand, and had accomplished half the distance towards them, when a little decrepit poor old sea roamer, generally known as Creel Katie, made a dexterous snatch at a hind claw, and, before the crab-devil

was aware, deposited him in her patchwork apron with an ‘Hech, sirs, what for are ye gaun to let gang siccan a braw parten?’ In vain a hundred voices shouted out—‘Let him bide, Katie—he’s no canny.’ Fish or fiend, the resolute old dame kept a fast clutch of her prize, promising him, moreover, a comfortable simmer in the meikle pat, for the benefit of herself and that ‘puir silly body, the gudeman.’ And she kept her word. Before night the poor devil was dressed in his shell, to the infinite horror of all her neighbours. Some even said that a black figure, with horns and wings and hoofs and forked tail—in fact old ‘Clootie’ himself—had been seen to fly out of the chimney. Others said that an unwholesome and unearthly smell, as of pitch and brimstone, had reeked forth from the abominable thing through door and window. Creel Katie, however, persisted, ay, even to her dying day and on her death-bed, that the crab was as sweet a crab as ever was supped on; and that it recovered her old husband out of a very poor low way—adding, ‘and that was a thing ye ken, the de'il a De'il in the Dub o’ Darkness wad ha’e dune for siccan a guid man and kirk-gaen Christian bodie as my ain douce Davie.’”



THE FIRST TAY FERRY STEAMER, "THE UNION."

*PART IV.*THE TAY FERRIES TRUST—INTRODUCTION
OF STEAMBOATS.

HE melancholy catastrophe which occurred on the Tay on that fatal Sunday morning caused a great sensation in Dundee and Newport. The various congregations in town were assembling for the forenoon service when the news reached the shore. The sad tale spread rapidly throughout the town, and a general rush was made to the Craig Pier to learn particulars of the disaster. The churches in Dundee were almost deserted that forenoon. The Rev. Dr. Maule had just begun worship in the Parish Kirk of Forgan, when some one, breathless with excitement, entered the sacred edifice, and whispered the sad tidings to those in the back pews. In a few minutes the tale spread from pew to pew all over the church, and the excitement became so great that the clergyman found it impossible to proceed, and he thereupon closed the service and dismissed the congregation.

Widespread sympathy was expressd all over the country for those who had been bereaved by this lamentable accident, and liberal subscriptions were raised for their relief. A public meeting was held

in the Exchange Coffeeroom, Dundee, on 28th June, at which Mr. David Jobson presided, for the purpose of setting on foot a public subscription for the relief of the bereaved families, and also to take steps to inquire into the causes of the accident. On the motion of Captain Blair, a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers. We may here mention that this fund formed the nucleus of the fund raised for the establishment of the Dundee Orphan Institution. On behalf of this fund, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers, then about to leave Kilmany, preached a sermon in the East Church on a Sabbath evening in June of the memorable year of 1815.

At the meeting in the Exchange Coffeeroom, it was further resolved to take action in conjunction with the freeholders of the two counties of Fife and Forfar, with the view of inquiring into the state of the Ferries, to ascertain if some improvement could not be adopted in their management. The result of this movement was that a Joint Committee of inquiry, (Mr. Berry of Tayfield, Convener), was appointed, and a searching investigation was made into the whole subject. It was found that there was a large traffic carried on, from which a sufficient revenue was derived to maintain a more efficient system, and also to provide better harbours and landings on both sides. The traffic for the year 1816-17 was reported to have been as follows:—Passengers, 91,663; cart-loads of goods, 13,612; horses, 2659; cattle, 2371;

sheep, 4357 ; swine, 126 ; coaches and gigs, 670. The revenue derived from this traffic amounted to £3177 11s. 10d. There was no want of boats to convey the traffic across the river, there being, as we have already stated, about twenty-six or twenty-eight boats of all descriptions engaged on the Ferries. But there was no regulation nor supervision of the boatmen, nor any restriction placed on the number ; all that was required being a licence from Lord Douglas, who claimed to be the Superior, and such licences were only too easily obtained. The report of the Committee was submitted to a meeting of the Justices of the Peace of the Counties of Fife and Forfar, which was held at Newport on 13th September, 1817. Provost Redoch, Dundee, presided at that meeting. The report was adopted, and it was further resolved to apply to Parliament for an Act to place the Tay Ferries under the management of the Justices of the Peace of both counties as Trustees. Accordingly, an Act was prepared and laid before Parliament, and, after passing through the various stages, it received the Royal assent in June, 1819, being the fifty-ninth year of the reign of His Majesty George III. The Act was entitled "An Act for erecting, improving, regulating, and maintaining ferries and passages across the River Tay in the counties of Fife and Forfar." The Trustees under the Act consisted of the Justices of the Peace and Commissioners of Supply in both counties, the persons appointed by the

subscribers to act on the Committee of Management, the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, the Lord Advocate, the Commander of His Majesty's Forces in North Britain, the Sheriff Deputes of the counties of Fife and Forfar, the Provost of Dundee—all for the time being. The first general meeting of the Trustees was held in the Town Hall, Dundee, on Wednesday, 28th July, being the fourth Wednesday after the passing of the Act.

By the provisions of the Act, a Committee of Management, consisting of sixteen of the Trustees named, had to be immediately appointed. The Provost of Dundee, by virtue of his office, was a member of the Committee. Five were to be elected by the subscribers, and five by each of the counties. This was the constitution of the Tay Ferries Trust.

By the powers conferred in the Act, the Trustees were entitled to claim all rights of property and jurisdiction on the Ferries on the Fife side from Ferry-Port-on-Craig to Balmerino, and from Broughty Ferry Castle to Invergowrie on the Forfar side of the river. Provision was also made for the transference of all rights claimed by Lord Douglas, then belonging to Mr. Stewart of St. Fort and Mr. Berry of Tayfield, as well as the power to purchase the Craig Harbour from the burgh of Dundee and ground on the Fife shore for the erection of piers.

Immediately after the passing of the Act, the Trustees appointed a superintendent at a salary of £80 per annum, with a free house. His first duty was to arrange a more systematic method of working the passage. All the boats plying on the Ferries were taken over by the Trustees at a valuation, and the number reduced to eight. Regular hours were fixed for sailing, and the yawls and pinnaces were more thoroughly equipped, and manned with picked crews. So vigorously did the Managing Committee set to work that the new system was put into operation by the end of the month of August of the same year. On the 7th of September following a number of the old boats and pinnaces formerly employed on the Ferries were sold by public roup in the Town Hall, Dundee. The following is a list of the boats disposed of on that occasion :—Yawls—Hercules, 15 tons ; Pitlessie, Pitfour, James, and Jean, 14 tons each ; Berry, 13 tons. Pinnaces—William, Neptune, Tayfield, Martha, Helen, Margaret, James and Nancy. These boats measured from twenty to twenty-four feet over the stems. A small pinnace named the Jean, about fourteen feet long, was also included in the list offered for sale. Compensation was given to the ferrymen for loss of employment by the new arrangement. The young men were employed by the Trustees, while the old men were pensioned off. The last of these pensioners, named David Greig, died in 1850. His forefathers had been connected with the Ferries for more than two hundred years.

The Trustees took possession of the Ferries in August, 1819, and that year opened up a new era in the history of Newport. The regularity of sailing, and improved condition of the boats, inspired the public with confidence, and the traffic increased rapidly. While the Act was before Parliament the attention of the promoters was directed to the advantage of employing steamboats on the passage, and the rapid increase of all kinds of traffic induced the Trustees to make the experiment. Accordingly, a twin boat was built, and fitted with a steam-engine, by the Messrs. Carmichael, of Ward Foundry, and put on the Ferry in the year 1821. The construction was somewhat peculiar. Two distinct hulls, built of iron, with two keels, fastened together by the deck beams and transverse stays, formed the hulk of the vessel. A deck with bulwarks covered the double hull, and the paddle-wheel was placed in the centre, to preserve it from being damaged by ice. The length of the deck was ninety feet and the breadth twenty-nine and a half feet. At first only one boat was built for the Ferry, but another was added in 1823, when the Messrs. Carmichael introduced the reversible motion in steam-engines, so that the boat could be propelled ahead or astern as circumstances required. The boats were manned by a coxswain or captain, an engineer, five seamen, and a fireman. The passage across the Ferry by the new boat was rendered so easy and pleasant, as compared with the old boats, that some one

said it was more like crossing a bridge than sailing. For a year the boat plied alternately from Dundee to Woodhaven and Newport, but, as it was found to be a great inconvenience to keep up the two ferries, it was resolved to abandon Woodhaven, and make Newport the landing-place on the Fife side. According to the terms of the Act, the Trustees were bound to maintain two ferries, so they again applied to Parliament and obtained a new Act, constituting Newport the only Ferry station. The old pier at Woodhaven was therefore abandoned, but its owner, Mr. Stewart of St. Fort, received a sum of money as compensation for the loss of the revenue derived from the Ferry.

Separate surveys of the river and plans for the piers were, by order of the Trustees, prepared by Mr. Stevenson and Sir Thomas Telford, civil engineers, and, after a long discussion by the Trustees, the plans submitted by the latter gentleman were adopted, and the erection of the piers was entrusted to him. The site of the new piers at Newport was then an open beach, the tides flowing over the ground now occupied by the road-way and buildings, to the base of the rocky precipice, the summit of which is occupied by a few old cottages. The new works were begun in 1823, but, previous to that, a temporary wooden jetty was erected at the old harbour of Newport for the accommodation of the steamers. The foundation stone of the new piers was laid on 10th September, 1823, on which occasion a grand Masonic

demonstration took place in honour of the event. The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, and other public bodies in the town, and the various Mason Lodges, formed in procession, and marched to the Craig harbour and embarked on board the steamers for Newport. The ceremony was performed by Lord Panmure, as Provincial Grand Master of the Masonic bodies in the East of Scotland.

These piers, which are now the only Tay Ferry Harbours, were found to be a great benefit to the navigation. Under the new management and with the advantages of good landing piers and steam-boats, the traffic and revenue increased rapidly. In an article on the Tay Ferries by Captain Basil Hall, R.N., which appeared in the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," the traffic returns for the first four years, under the management of the Trustees, are given, showing how rapidly the traffic increased under the new *regime*. During the year 1820, the first year of the Trustees reign, and a year before the introduction of steamers, the number of passengers that crossed the Ferries amounted to about 70,000. In the year 1824, three years after the steamers had begun to ply, the total number of passengers was 100,536. In that same year 130 carriages, 474 gigs, 6627 heads of cattle, 15,449 sheep, 477 horses, and 2562 loaded carts were ferried across the river. In the year 1820 the revenue amounted to £2510; in 1821, to £2526; in 1822 to £3209; in 1823, to £3532; and in 1824 it had amounted to £3790.

The twin boats continued to ply daily with great regularity, sailing every half-hour from the one side to the other. The distance in a straight line between the two piers is about 2760 yards, but owing to the sandbanks the steamers had to deviate more or less from the straight course in crossing, according to the state of the tides. With the deviations the maximum distance which the boats had to traverse was about two miles and a third, and the length of time they occupied on the passage in ordinary weather was 17 minutes at neap, and 20 minutes at spring tides. In addition to the steamers a large sailing boat and a pinnace, manned with good crews, were employed by the Trustees, and kept in readiness to accommodate the public when the pressure of traffic was too great for the steamboats to overtake.

The first Ferry steamer was built at Perth in 1821, and was named the "Union." The following description of the "Union" twin boat is extracted from a book entitled "Dundee Delineated," published in 1822 :—" This boat, the most unique, and perhaps the most splendid ferry boat in the country, is a twin boat, composed of two hulls, each 76 feet keel, $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam, and $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet asunder. They are handsomely and substantially built, and well bound together by beams fortified with iron; and the mould and execution do much credit to the taste and skill of Mr. Brown (of Perth), the builder. The whole length upon deck is 92 feet, and the breadth about 34. Thirty-two feet of the one end is

left about two feet lower than the rest of the deck, and railed in for carriages and cattle; and the doors at the middle of this space are so constructed as to serve for platforms in loading and unloading. Twenty-two feet in the centre are occupied by the machinery—an engine being in each boat, and the paddle wheel acting in the canal between. The engines are of fifteen horses' power each; and as they are connected with the same wheel they act contemporaneously. As to the appearance and quality of the engines, it is enough to say that they are constructed by the Messrs. Carmichael—castings by Mr. Stratton of the Dundee Foundry. So smoothly indeed do they work, that there is hardly any tremor in the boat; and when the doors which enclose the machinery are shut, there is very little noise. The paddle-wheel has wooden floats, and is so divided that though each half has only eight floats the whole acts with the same smoothness as if it had sixteen, and yet the power is not diminished. Notwithstanding the immense size of the boat, she obeys her helm very easily. There are two helms, each constructed of a rectangular iron plate, four feet and a half in the horizontal direction, and three feet and a half in the perpendicular. The tiller of each is almost ten feet long, and is worked by a wheel and pinion. The machinery is so constructed as that either end may go foremost; and thus the boat can arrive and depart without the labour or space required for turning round. The reversing of the

motion is effected by reversing the action of the valves of the engines. These are opened and shut by an alternating rod, moved by an eccentric block on the shaft of the paddle-wheel. This rod acts upon a double lever, fastened to the rocking shaft of the valves; when it acts on the lower end of the lever, the paddle-wheel moves the one way, but when it acts on the upper end, the motion is reversed. The lever is made broad in the middle, with a flange round it, which retains the stud on the alternating rod during the time that it is changed from the one end to the other. The rod is raised or lowered by means of a toothed sector, into which a pinion works. The two pinions are on the opposite ends of a rod, which passes under the index table, below which it has a bevel wheel acted on by a similar wheel connected with the reversing index. By simply turning this index, the boat passes in less than one minute from motion in one direction to motion in that directly opposite. The boat may be steered by either helm; and by working both helms at the same time, it may be turned round in a very small compass. Indeed, though the boat appears huge and unwieldy, yet, in consequence of the impelling power being in the centre, it can be turned in a much smaller compass than a less boat with two wheels. Its motion, too, during a breeze, or across the swell, is much more steady, as a good deal of the disagreeable rolling of a two-wheeled boat arises from the unequal hold which its wheels take of the water."

Her consort, "George IV.", was put on the passage in 1823. Both vessels were constructed on the twin principle, which has already been described. The "George IV." was built by the Messrs. Carmichael, of the Ward Foundry, Dundee. Mr. James Carmichael, of that firm, the inventor of the "fan blast," while thinking over the plans for the engines, had his attention directed to the advantage which would be gained by applying a reversible motion to the engine. The suggestion emanated from his brother, Charles, who is said to have remarked, "Man, cud we no mak' a boat to go backward as well as forward?" to which James replied, "Well, that is worth thinking over." After much thought and labour, these eminent engineers succeeded in constructing the engines with a backward and forward motion, and the principle, then introduced for the first time, has been found one of the greatest improvements on the steam engine. The "Union" was superseded by the "Tayfield" in 1836. The "George IV." was rather an unfortunate craft. On the night of Saturday, February 7th, 1824, the vessel was discovered to be on fire, while lying at her moorings in the Harbour, and to save the ship from total destruction it was scuttled and sunk. The damages were afterwards repaired, and the boat continued to ply on the passage till the "Princess Royal" was built in 1840, named in honour of Her Majesty's eldest daughter, who was born in that year. This vessel was also constructed on the twin principle, and

was built by Mr. Borrie, at Broughty Ferry, and launched on Friday, 11th December, 1840. Her length on deck was 106 feet, and her breadth 34 feet, giving an area of 3604 square feet ; she had two hulls, and was propelled by two engines of 80 horse power each. With the aid of this boat the traffic was carried on more effectively than it had ever been before, and an expeditious passage was rendered practicable in all states of the weather. The "George IV." was afterwards sold by public auction. The "Tayfield" and "Princess Royal" continued to ply on the Ferries for the next twenty years. In 1858 the "Fifeshire," which was built in Glasgow, arrived in Dundee on the 14th December, and was then put on the passage. She was followed in 1861 by the "Forfarshire," built by Messrs. Gourlay Brothers, Dundee, the two vessels being of a more modern construction, and far more powerful and commodious boats, than any of their predecessors. From 1821, when the first steamer was introduced, the traffic increased year by year, as has already been shown by the statistics of the traffic of the first four years. In the year 1834, the traffic returns were as follows :— Passengers, 866,071 ; four-wheeled carriages, 269 ; gigs, 578 ; horses, 1379 ; carts, 3127 ; cattle, 4588 ; sheep, 11,911 ; cartloads of goods, 2788 ; barrels, bulk of goods, 8375. The revenue for the year amounted to £4844 5s. 5d.

It will thus be seen that the traffic and revenue had increased to about double what it was twelve

years previously. Notwithstanding the increased revenue it was found that the Ferries did not pay the working expenses and the interest on borrowed money. Fares at first were fixed at 6d. and 9d. for passengers. In July, 1828, the Trustees, with the view of increasing the revenue, raised the fares from 6d. and 9d. to 9d. and 1s. As might have been expected, the advance of fares failed to produce the desired effect, for in 1835 we find that the Trustees resorted to another expedient with the object of making both ends meet. The management of such a growing business had become irksome, and to relieve themselves of the onerous burden the Trustees let the Ferries to a tacksman at a yearly rent of £2200 on a lease of five years. Out of this rent the Trustees had to pay interest at 3 per cent. on the debt, which amounted to £40,000. The lessees were bound to maintain the Ferries in good working order, and under their management the traffic was largely increased. In 1838 the tacksman, desirous of affording the inhabitants of Dundee an opportunity of visiting Newport in the summer months, issued return tickets from Dundee to Newport at 6d. after four o'clock every afternoon on week-days. This boon was largely taken advantage of, and in the following year (1839) the same arrangement was carried out, the hour for issuing return tickets being fixed at three o'clock. This arrangement was also extended to the Fife side of the river, which had not been done in the previous year. The fares continued to be main-

tained at the usual high rates during the rest of the year, but in May, 1853, they were reduced to 2d. on week-days and 1d. on Saturday. The Ferries ultimately fell into the hands of the Government, who handed them over to the Scottish Central Railway Company, who managed them for a number of years. During the Company's reign the fares were permanently reduced to 6d.

The Tay Ferries, from some reason or other, were never a profitable speculation, and the Directors of the Scottish Central Railway Company were not more successful in their management in this respect than their predecessors. In 1854 the Directors adopted a new code of regulations in regard to Sunday sailings. Additional passages were made on the Sabbaths, which, however advantageous they may have been to the public, and profitable to the managers, were a great hardship to the men employed on the boats and on the piers. Bitterly did they complain of the extra duties imposed on them on the Sabbath. To serve the public they were deprived almost wholly of the day of rest, and they had no opportunity of attending Divine service except once in five or six weeks. Remonstrances were of no avail, and at last the bondage became so intolerable that the old hands resigned their situations. The Newport people became alarmed at the resignation of the men; and it was said that, so apprehensive were some of them at the prospect of the management of the boat being entrusted

to inexperienced men, several families who had come from Dundee to reside in Newport, seriously contemplated removing from the village. The navigation of the Firth was not a business to be learnt off-hand, as the state of the sandbanks and currents required to be thoroughly studied and understood. Matters reached the climax in September, 1854, when Mr. James Duncan, the master of the steamer, followed the example of his men and tendered his resignation. For forty years Mr. Duncan had been engaged on the ferryboat, and during that long period he had gained the respect and confidence of all classes in Dundee and Newport. General sympathy was felt for Mr. Duncan, and the more so that he had been compelled to resign in consequence of his inability to perform the extra duties imposed upon him. On Monday, 24th September, a public meeting was held in Newport to consider the condition of the Ferries with reference to the resignation of the servants. The meeting was largely attended by influential persons residing in Dundee and Newport. The result was the formation of a Committee and the adoption of the following memorial, which was duly laid before the Directors :—

“ Unto the Honourable the Directors and Managers of the Tay Ferries—the memorial of a number of residents in Dundee and Newport—

“ Sheweth,—

“ That your memorialists respectfully beg to

bring before the Board of Directors the recent changes and contemplated changes of the men who, for the last forty years, have worked the boat plying between Dundee and Newport. These men, from their long experience and tried capabilities, have proved themselves every way trustworthy of the important duties they have so long and successfully discharged with credit to themselves, and meriting the thanks of the passengers. The late resignation of David Dorward, the mate, was, and is still, much regretted. The subsequent resignation of Robert Duncan, a most able and skilful steersman, is also much regretted ; and the present resignation of Captain Duncan, in whom we have the greatest confidence, has rendered this memorial to your Board imperative and necessary. That your memorialists believe that these regretted resignations have taken place from the men's time being over-taxed. At present the captain commences his duties at about half-past six o'clock A.M., and continues thereat, without intermission, until about half-past nine o'clock P.M., there being no party in the boat capable of relieving him ; and the engineer is even worse situated, being engaged from a much earlier to a much later hour. That the boats are now, or will shortly be, entirely manned by new hands, and who must necessarily be inexperienced, and entirely unacquainted with the different banks, various currents, and difficulties to be encountered in crossing. That your memorialists are afraid, if these changes are allowed to

be made, a large number of those who reside in Newport will leave it and reside elsewhere rather than incur the risk and danger in crossing in the stormy months of winter with inexperienced hands. Your memorialists therefore conceive it to be their duty to lay these facts before your Board, and respectfully suggest that Captain Duncan should be retained, failing which, that a tried and trustworthy party, known for his sobriety and capabilities, should be appointed in his room. By entertaining this memorial your Board will not only confer a favour on your memorialists and the public, but the result will shew itself in a pecuniary point of view to yourselves."

The Committee also waited on Mr. Cookston, the superintendent, but he informed them that he had no power to interfere with present arrangements. The matter excited considerable interest in the community, and leading articles appeared on the subject in the local newspapers. The memorial, however, had the desired effect. The Directors rescinded their obnoxious regulations, and from that time the boats only made the number of passages on Sabbath required by Act of Parliament, the hours being arranged so as not to interfere with the privileges of the men. These concessions came too late to prevent the retirement of the captain and the mate. Their resignations were confirmed, and they left the service, to the sincere regret of their numerous friends. A public subscription was set on foot to present them with

testimonials as a mark of the esteem in which they had been held. On Saturday, 28th October, the subscribers met in the British Hotel, Dundee, when the testimonials were presented by Mr. John Berry, of Tayfield. A timepiece, with a suitable inscription, and a purse of ten sovereigns, were presented to Captain Duncan; and a purse of ten sovereigns was also presented to Mr. David Dorward.

In November, 1873, the Dundee Harbour Trustees bought the Ferries from the Caledonian Railway Co. for the sum of £20,000. Under the management of the Harbour Board the passage money has now been permanently reduced to 3d. on week-days, and 2d. on Saturday, while composition tickets for any period are issued at reasonable rates.



*PART V.*STORMS AND DISASTERS ON THE TAY—SALMON
FISHINGS—RIVAL HOTELS.

HE years 1828-29 proved a disastrous era in the history of the Tay Ferries. In December, 1828, a terrific gale raged on the coast, and, besides interrupting the traffic on the Ferry, the storm did considerable damage to the new piers. The waves, lashed by the wind, were dashed with such force against the pier at Newport that they rose in the air in great white masses to the height of thirty or forty feet. The scene on the river was sublimely appalling, and the breakers dashing against the Newport piers were distinctly visible from the Dundee side of the river. No lives were lost on that occasion. During the whole of the following year, 1829, the weather was exceedingly stormy. Gales of wind and storms of rain followed each other in rapid succession all spring and summer, and retarded the growth of the crops, while great damage was done by floods in various parts of the country. The Lammas floods of that year will long be remembered as one of the worst calamities that had befallen Scotland for centuries. A very interesting account of these floods has been recorded in a work on the subject

by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, to which we would refer the reader.

On the evening of the 3rd August of that memorable year, a lamentable accident occurred on the Tay during one of the storms. About six o'clock in the afternoon the Ferry steamer, with the coach and passengers from the South on board, left Newport to cross the river to Dundee. A gale from the North had been blowing all day, and a heavy sea was running in the Firth. The boat steaming against the wind was making little headway, and when about mid-stream the axle of her paddle-wheel broke and completely disabled her. The anchor was immediately let go, and the crew prepared to ride out the storm ; but the passengers (ten in number) were anxious to reach Dundee, and a signal was hoisted for a boat. A pinnace, manned by four hardy boatmen, put off from Newport and reached the steamer, and the passengers and luggage were transferred to her. The little craft had a hard time of it beating against a head wind, but she was well handled by an experienced crew, and, after a perilous voyage, she made the shore at the Bottlework, near Roodyards, about seven o'clock in the evening. All would have been well if the voyage had ended here. The boat had made the land a mile to the East of the Craig Harbour, and the boatmen proposed to work her up to the Harbour to land the luggage there. The passengers, only too glad to find themselves safe on *terra firma*, preferred to walk to town rather than risk

their lives again on the river in an open boat. The guard of the coach volunteered to go in the pinnace to take care of the luggage ; but the passengers advised him not to do so, and at the last moment he yielded to their persuasions and came ashore again. The storm was still raging fiercely, and the boatmen were earnestly entreated to wait till the weather moderated, but they would not be dissuaded from their purpose. They were brave, resolute men, and were confident that they could work up to the Craig in about an hour. The boat accordingly put off, and began the fatal voyage. Many an anxious eye on shore watched the frail craft battling against the storm, and grave fears were entertained for her safety. When about one hundred yards or so from the Beacon Rocks a violent squall, with the force of a tornado, swept across the river, and, catching the sails of the pinnace, threw her on her side, and masts and sails touched the water. The next minute she righted again, but, having filled with water, she sank almost immediately. A boat was hastily manned and put off from the Harbour, but no trace of the pinnace or her crew could be seen. The storm was so violent that the rescue boat could not return to the Harbour, and was driven right across to Newport, but beyond that it met with no further mishap.

The names of the unfortunate men who perished with the pinnace were Alexander Allan, William Rait, Robert Mackie, and William Patrick. They all belonged to Newport, and left wives and families

to mourn their loss. The pinnace was recovered on the following day, but none of the bodies nor a single article of the coach luggage was found in her. Three of the bodies were cast up on the beach near Tayport about a fortnight after the accident, but it was not till November, nearly three months after the disaster, that the last of the bodies was found on the coast near North Berwick. The corpse was much decomposed, and could only be identified by a watch, found on the deceased, to be the remains of William Patrick. Subscriptions were also raised for the relief of the sufferers by this disaster, the Rev. Dr. Maule of Forgan and Mr. Berry of Tayfield exerting themselves in this laudable work.

In December of this fatal year another violent storm occurred, when a large portion of the sea wall at the Craig Harbour was thrown down by the fury of the waves. Scarcely a winter passes without the occurrence of hurricanes on the Tay. The most disastrous storm on record was the gale on the last Sabbath of 1879, when the Tay Bridge was blown down, of which we shall have something to say in a future chapter. In severe winters the upper waters of the Tay are often frozen over to a considerable distance above and below Perth. On such occasions, when a thaw sets in, huge masses of ice are carried down the river with the tides, and obstruct the navigation of the Ferries. The river at such times presents all the appearance of an Arctic sea. Large floes of ice are seen floating about and crushing against each other in mid

channel, or, borne shoreward with the tide, are piled around the piers and on the beach, rendering it both difficult and dangerous for the ferryboats to force a passage across the river. Such scenes were frequently witnessed during the winter of 1880-81.

The Tay has always been famous for its salmon, and the fisheries have from time immemorial been one of the great industries along the shores of the Firth. Salmon were once so plentiful in the district that the ploughmen in the Carse of Gowrie would not accept engagements with the farmers unless on the express condition that they were not to get salmon for dinner oftener than twice a week. What a change since the good old days of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ! Salmon fishing was at one time largely prosecuted on the coast of Forgan, but it has now been abandoned altogether. The principal salmon fishing stations were at Craighead and Woodhaven. The fishing was long carried on by coble and rope nets, but in the year 1797, stake nets were introduced in the Firth, and proved very successful. In one season about 7000 salmon were caught on the Forgan coast with one net. This was equal to a fourth of a year's produce of the whole fishings on the river and firth. The proprietors on the upper waters took the alarm at such a wholesale destruction of the fish ; and well they might, since it threatened to intercept all the fish as they entered the river, and, consequently, their fishings would be utterly worthless. An action was accordingly raised in the Court of

Session by the upper proprietors to put a stop to salmon fishing by stake nets in tidal firths. After years of litigation it was decided in their favour, in 1812. The Supreme Court declared that the use of stake nets in firths and estuaries was prohibited by certain Scottish statutes. About the beginning of the present century a large shoal of herrings appeared in the Firth opposite Newport, which gave employment to a large number of boats and other vessels.

Agriculture and the working of a few whinstone quarries formed the only other occupations of the inhabitants of the parish. The soil of the parish is generally of a rich loam, and very fertile, though in some parts it is light and gravelly. The rent of arable land ranges from £1 to £4 per acre, the highest rent being paid for land near the shores of the Tay.

During the first century of its existence the growth of Newport was very slow. At the time that the Ferries were taken under the charge of Trustees there were somewhere about one hundred inhabitants in the village. The improved condition of the Ferries, however, gave an impetus to the growth of the village, and twenty years after—viz., 1838, the population had increased to about six hundred. The greatest proportion of the inhabitants at that time were engaged in agricultural pursuits, and as yet the *elite* of “Juteopolis” had not begun to settle on its salubrious braes. Newport was always a favourite

resort of the Dūndonians, and when the steamboats began to ply on the Ferries it was more and more resorted to, especially during the summer months. The advantages offered by cheap fares and return tickets attracted great numbers on the summer afternoons. Many of the well-to-do citizens began to take summer lodgings in Newport, and, as their number increased year by year, new houses were built to meet the increasing demand for accommodation. Mr. Dalgleish, proprietor of Scotsraig, then owned a portion of the lands on which East Newport is built, and he conceived the idea of founding a village there as a rival to Newport. Accordingly he feued a large area of land to the east of the Cupar Road, and many of the lots being taken up and cottages built thereon, he named the new village Maryton, in honour, it is said, of his wife, whose Christian name was Mary. Mr. Berry of Tayfield followed suit, and feued about five acres on Craighead, further east. Part of this ground was taken up by a Mr. Wilson, said to have been an ex-Bailie of Cupar Fife. Shortly afterwards Mr. Wilson got involved in financial difficulties, and the feus fell into the hands of the Directors of the Clydesdale Banking Company. The lands of Craighead, on which many elegant villas have since been built, is still known as the "Bank" property, the first house built there being that presently occupied by Mr. D. Sidey, of the Clydesdale Bank, Dundee.

It used to be considered that a village could not

be complete without an inn of some sort, and "clachan inns" were at one time looked upon as a necessary institution for the benefit of the inhabitants and the public generally. Public opinion has changed considerably on these matters, but in former days no community was allowed to be without such places of entertainment. When the Guildry founded Newport on the southern banks of the Tay almost the first thing they did was to build an inn. When they sold out of Newport the inn came into the possession of the owners of Tayfield. At Woodhaven there was also an inn and horsehiring establishment, to which was attached a farm and a brewery. In the beginning of the present century Mr. Berry built a more commodious hotel—the present Newport Inn. The old inn was on the opposite side of the road from the new establishment, but it was demolished to make room for the new U.P. Church. The last tenant of the old inn—which was for many years occupied as the Post Office—was Mr. David Brand, afterwards tacksman of the "Packhouse" or Ferry warehouse. Mr. Brand acted as general porter at the Newport Pier, and in the management of the "Packhouse," a sort of left luggage office, he was ably assisted by his obliging wife. Mr. Brand died in the end of October, 1840, after serving the public at the Ferry Pier for twenty-eight years. His widow, Mrs. Annie Brand, died in the year 1863 in the 89th year of her age. She was one of the last

relicts of the old race of boatmen at the West Water.

After the abolition of the Woodhaven Ferry the Newport Inn had for some time a monopoly of the trade in the locality. The Inn was the property of Mr. Berry of Tayfield, and, as the establishment of the Newport Ferry had improved its business, its value became greatly enhanced. When Mr Robert Dalgleish of Scotsraig resolved to found the village of Maryton, he also built an inn, and called it Maryton Inn. The first, and we believe the only tenant of the Maryton Inn, was a Mr. Thomas Honeyman, who did his best to entice custom to his establishment ; but the inn, being a little way off the main road, failed to attract travellers, who continued to resort to the more convenient and older-established hostelry adjoining the Newport Pier. Honeyman fell deeply in arrears with his rent, and latterly he was served with a process of "eviction ;" but, on making a personal application to the laird, he was relieved from the payment of his arrears. The hotel thus proved a failure, and it was ultimately abandoned. The Inn and its stables and offices were then converted into dwelling houses, and are occupied as such to the present day. Maryton was afterwards purchased by the proprietor of Tayfield.

The first tenant of the present Newport Inn was a son of Mr. Gordon of Woodhaven. He was succeeded by Mr. John M'Gregor, who died during his occupancy, and his widow continued to carry

on the business till November, 1840, when she sold off her stock and retired. She was succeeded by Mr. Mitchell, who came from Kinghorn. On 15th January, 1841, Mr. Mitchell was entertained to dinner in his own hotel by the principal inhabitants of the village, who thus met to welcome and encourage him in his new enterprise. With Mr. Mitchell ended the merry coaching days at the Newport Inn. Mr. Mitchell was succeeded by Mr. Bell, and afterwards by Mr. Brown and Mr. Dickson. In 1880 the Inn was leased by Mr. Fenwick, an ex-Dundee Town Councillor, and under his occupancy a new wing was added, and the house otherwise greatly improved. Further east, on the Tayport Road, there is a large and handsome hotel named the Royal, which was built only a few years ago. The Royal is part of a fine block of buildings erected by Mr. Turnbull. The hotel was tenanted for some time by Mr. A. G. Keay, but the hotel licence was withdrawn some years ago, and the buildings are now rented as dwelling houses.



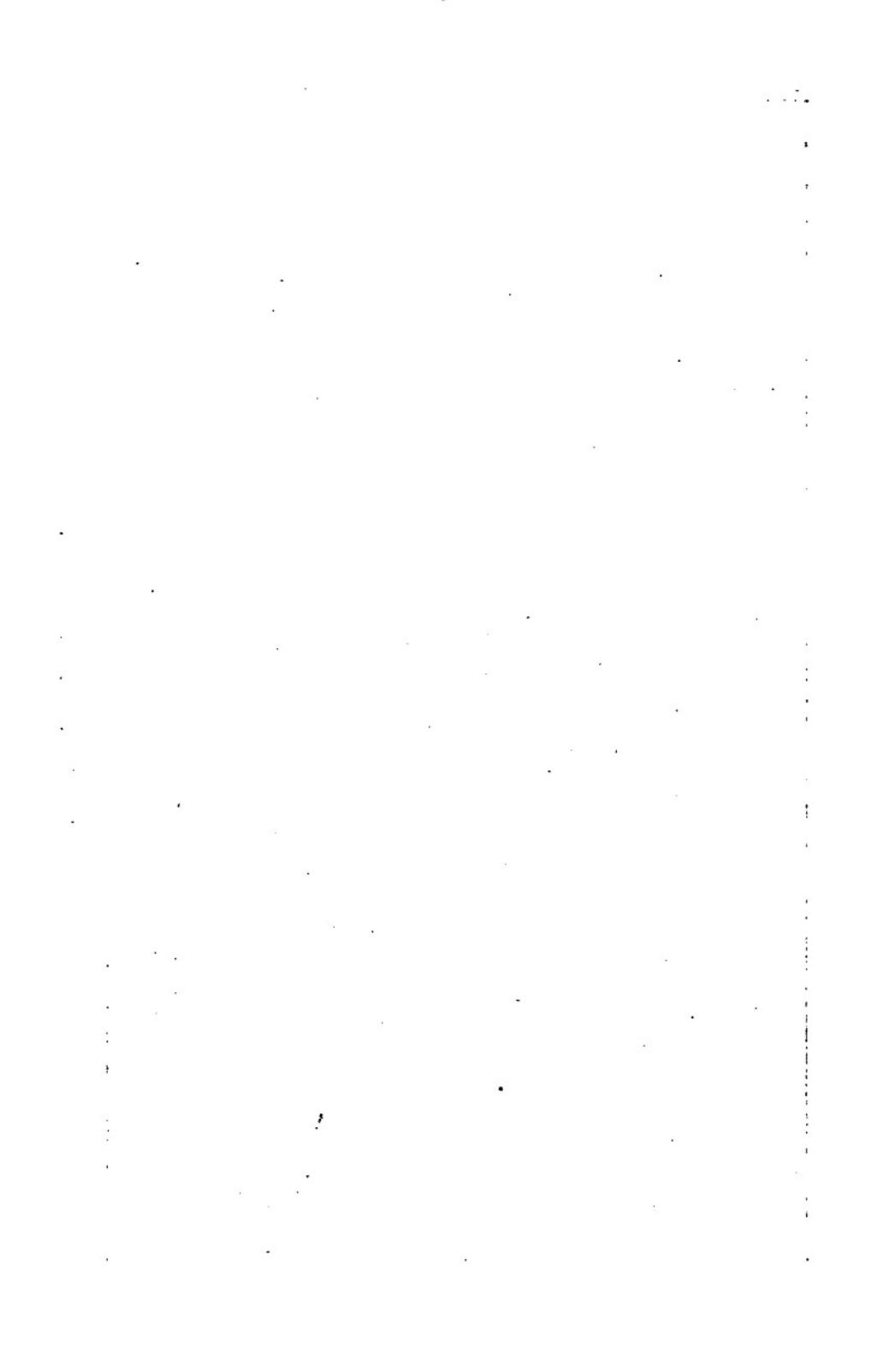
*PART VI.*THE OLD KIRK OF FORGAN—THE PARISH
MINISTERS.

PREVIOUS to the Disruption in 1843, the Parish Church was, with the exception of a small Independent Chapel, the only place of worship for the people of Newport, the majority of whom adhered to the Established Church. The Congregationalists were few in number, but they formed a strong element in the religious history of the district. They had a meeting-house of their own, and were ministered to by Mr. Thomas Just, a man of sterling piety, who laboured assiduously for the spiritual welfare of the people in the district. There was no Secession Church in the parish, and the few Seceders resident at the "Waterside" and in other parts of the parish had to go to Tayport or Rathillet to worship with those of their own communion. As these two bodies form special features in the history of Newport, they will be separately treated in their order. In the meantime we must turn our attention to the Parish Church, and the incidents connected with its history.

The Old Kirk of Forgan is situated in a



FORGAN OLD CHURCH.



sheltered hollow in the south-eastern border of the parish, and distant between three and four miles from Newport. A more lovely and sequestered spot for a sacred edifice could scarcely have been selected. The valley lies east and west, while the hills on the north and south rise to a height of several hundred feet above its level. The valley is thus completely sheltered from the biting north winds, while the southern heights curve to the north-east, and afford equal protection from the easterly winds. The Old Kirk is now in ruins, having been dismantled when the new Parish Church was built in 1841. The roof is gone, and the crumbling walls, overgrown with ivy, give the hoary pile the appearance of a great shrubbery in the centre of the auld kirkyard. The graveyard, which is as yet the only burying ground in the parish, contains the family burying places of the Berrys of Tayfield, the Stewarts of St. Fort, and the Gillespies of Kirkton. There are a few chaste monuments of modern date which have been erected by some of the wealthy residents of Newport, but the majority of the gravestones are old and covered with moss, and are primitively sculptured with curious emblems. Some of them contain quaint and original inscriptions. The following records the beauty and graces of a lady :—

“A Rachel's beauty, a Lydia's open heart,
A Martha's care, a Mary's better part,
In her were all combined ;
Her spirit fled from earth to heaven,
Her body here to dust was given ;
Both shall again be joined.”

Another, dated 1758, over the grave of an old boatman, named Adam, has the following verses, with an unmistakably nautical ring about them :—

“ Though Boreas’ blasts and Neptune’s waves
Hath tossed me to and fro,
Yet, by the order of God’s decrees,
I harbour here below.

“ Where now I lie at anchor sure,
With many of our fleet,
Expecting one day to set sail
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet.”

A very old table tombstone has this quaint inscription :—

“ All things must die that life hath ta’en,
And likewyse that had never nane ;
So I to live that I may die ;
I die to live eternallie.”

Near the kirkyard, on the north-east, are the ruins of Kirkton House, the property of the Gillespie family. Only a portion of the north wall is now standing, but the ruins are sufficient to show that the mansion had been a stately building in the olden times. Like the church, the mansion house ruins are completely overgrown with ivy, reminding us forcibly of the words of Dickens’ popular song :—

“ Oh a dainty old plant is the ivy green
That creepeth o’er ruins old ;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lonely and cold.

“ The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim,
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.

“ Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.”

The most interesting objects in the surroundings of the Old Kirk of Forgan are the great yew trees, which grow in an enclosure adjoining the kirkyard. For the following account of these wonderful trees we were indebted to the late Rev. Mr. Thomson, minister of Forgan, who also kindly furnished us with much valuable information:—"The most remarkable among the antiquities of the parish are the large yew trees at Kirkton House, near Old Forgan Church. They are five in number, planted to form the points of a cross; and are in full vigour and vegetation. Of the two largest, the one has a girth of 12 feet 7 inches at 6 feet from the ground, and a total height of 60 feet, the longest branch extending to 34½ feet. The other has a girth of 11 feet 3½ inches, and a solid stem of 18 feet below the branches. Near them grows a large walnut tree, said to be the finest in Fife, having a girth of 12 feet, a stem of 16 feet, and a height of between 60 and 70 feet, with a fine-proportioned spread of branches. These trees belong to Mr. Gillespie of Kirkton and Mountquhannie, and are duly prized as living memories of the good old times when the neighbouring mansion, now in ruins, was inhabited by his ancestors, and in the still older times was doubtless the residence of the ecclesiastics who founded and served 'the Old Kirk of Forgan with the Chapel of Adnaughton adjoining thereto.'

The Kirk of Forgan is very old, having been built about the beginning of the twelfth century. The oldest record of the church—which was dedicated

to St. Phullan—is in the register of the Priory of St. Andrews. The church was granted to the Priory of St. Andrews, in perpetual gift, by Alan de Lascelles, laird of Naughton, in the year 1150. The old charter here referred to designates it as “The Church of Forgrund in Fyf, with the Chapel of Naughton, adjacent to said Church.” The parish anciently bore the two names of Forgrund (foreground) and St. Phullan’s, the name of the patron Saint of the church. The former name also spelt Forgane, and Forgon has since been changed to Forgan. The ivy-mantled ruins in the old kirkyard are apparently a more modern building than the Priory Kirk of the twelfth century. Two chapels were connected with the kirk—the Chapel of Naughton, already referred to, and the Chapel of St. Thomas, of the Seamylnes. Tradition says that the old kirk was built by a pious lady who lived in the Kirkton House—probably one of the Lascelles family, who then held the lands of Naughton. Prior to the Reformation it belonged to the Priory of St. Andrews, and the “cure” was served by the canons of St. Andrews Cathedral. The “monks of old” have left their stamp on Forgan as well as in other parishes. Their traces may still be seen in the names of various localities. There is the Kirkton, beside the old Parish Church; then there is the Priors’ Inch and Vicarsford, where the parish bounds that of Leuchars; and last, but not least, there are the Friartons, and on the grounds of one of the latter places the new Parish Church is built.

When the Romish Church was overthrown at the Reformation, the lands and church of Forgan having belonged to the Cathedral of St. Andrews, there was no provision left for the maintenance of the ministry in the parish, and it was some time after that great event before the parish had a settled minister, the spiritual wants of the people being in the interval supplied by a preacher or reader. From the Reformation down to 1841 the old church was used as the parish kirk, when, as we have said, it was superseded by the erection of a new church. In 1770 the old kirk underwent a thorough repair, and in the beginning of the present century it was wholly reseated. About that time the boatmen of Waterside built a gallery by subscriptions raised amongst themselves. This gallery was situated in the east end of the sacred edifice. It was named the Boatmen's Loft, was ornamented on the front with a figure of Neptune and the nautical instruments then in use, and a picture of a lugger ferryboat on its passage across the river, the design being surrounded by some appropriate mottoes. This picture, though not a relic of great antiquity, was, nevertheless, a curiosity in its way, and is said to be still in the possession of a gentleman in Newport. The other ornamented panellings of the Boatmen's Loft are preserved, the one at Tayfield House, the other at Forgan Manse. The old kirk was dismantled in a rather Vandalistic manner when it was abandoned for the new one. The interior fittings, pews, etc., were claimed by

the various heritors as their private property. When the kirk was no longer required as a place of worship, the heritors called a "roup," and the woodwork and window-frames, and other appertainings of the sacred pile, were disposed of in lots by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidders. The purchasers tore up their "lots" and carted them away, and thus the ancient house of prayer was left to the owls and the bats.

The patronage of the parish was in the hands of the Crown. The stipend amounted to about £250 a year, with a manse, which was rebuilt in 1803, and a glebe of about nine acres of good land. The manse is about half-a-mile to the west of the old church, and occupies a very pleasant situation.

The communion cups belonging to the church, and still in use, bear date 1652, and are inscribed—"Forgan Parosche. A. W. M(inister)." They have the Hall mark as pure silver, and a pot of lilies with the initials R. C., and, on either side, the emblem of the Virgin Mary, as seen in the arms of the burgh of Dundee, showing that they had passed through the mint anciently established there. The tokens served out to intending communicants bear date "1774," with the initials "J. B. M." There are also belonging to Forgan kirk session two ancient money-boxes—one of cylindrical form, hollowed out of a piece of ash-tree; the other of old oak, an oblong of two feet by one. Both are heavily bound with iron plates, have double locks, and a slit in the lid for dropping in the collections.

The session records extant date back to the year 1695. They contain some queer entries as to the particular expenditure of money, and the objects of special collections, such as, for the Harbour at Eyemouth ; the Brig of Bervie ; in behalf of captives taken by the Moors ; of “ane puir man at the kirk door” ; for a New Testament for a puir woman, and a “pair of shoon for the bedel.” Also of cases of discipline, the most frequent being those against the boatmen and horse-hirers at the “Waterside,” for aiding Sabbath-day travellers to and from the opposite side of the Tay. It is recorded that deputations of elders were sent to search the “Waterside” during the time of divine service for persons absenting themselves from public worship without proper cause. It would be a sight now-a-days to see crowds of defaulters brought up to give account of themselves, as the old records represent how bands of ferrymen were constrained to appear before Kirk Session or Town Council in former days.

The “folk of the Waterside” were well-disposed parishioners, if they had not been (as are their successors in our own days) so much disturbed and tempted on the Lord’s day by strangers ; and it was in zeal on their behalf that, in the years 1720 and 1721, the Kirk Session of Forgan had an earnest correspondence with the ministers and magistrates of Dundee for devising “what measures may be thought most fit for suppressing the profanation of the Lord’s day by passing and repassing over the water, hiring of horses and running with

them, which abounds much, among such as dwell at the Waterside especially?" In some cases a plea of "mercy" was urged in excuse for this breach of the law, the passage being made solely on behalf of "ane maid-servant of Robert Aitken's, who went to see her mother, who was lying sick." In other instances it was a special "necessity," the boatmen "being forced thereto by a rude gentleman both in going and returning."

Very little is known concerning the parish ministers of Forgan subsequent to the Reformation, but many pleasant reminiscences are still current in the parish regarding the Rev. James Burn, who died at the close of the last century, and his successor, the Rev. Dr. A. Maule, who laboured in the ministry till within a few years of the Disruption. Mr. Burn, who was some time in Newcastle, was ordained minister of Forgan on 7th May, 1761. He was the great evangelical preacher of the neighbourhood, and his ministry was attended by crowds of people from his own and other parishes. Even from Dundee hearers came across in boatfuls, landing at Woodhaven or Newport, and wending their way by the kirk roads across the fields to the old church. Mr. Burn has been described as a diligent, earnest, and strict spiritual ruler, the uncompromising reprobate of sin, folly, and ungodliness in high and low impartially. From the pulpit he publicly rebuked what he regarded as the wickedness of fox-hunting — his own lairds,

who might be present, receiving the benefit of a practical application. He was often seen riding about the parish on his white-faced pony, with a three-cornered hat on his head. The children fled from his presence, and hid themselves under the hedge or their mother's apron. Mr. Burn was a power in religion suited to the character of the times. He was three times married, and had children by each of his three wives. From a family register, written by his own hand, which has been kindly placed at our disposal, we learn that his life was chequered by many sore domestic afflictions and bereavements, while the bitter controversies which in his day agitated the Kirk of Scotland — in which he felt a keen interest, and took up a strong position in defence of constitutional rights and evangelical religion — combined to render his life one of harassing care and anxiety. About six months after his ordination he was married to Miss A. Hamilton, who bore him five sons, four of whom died in infancy. In June, 1768, the first Mrs. Burn died. Four years after her death, viz., in November, 1773, he was married to Miss Barbara Cockburn, who bore him three sons and a daughter, two of the former dying in infancy. The second Mrs. Burn died in July, 1779. In November, 1781, he was again married to Miss Stewart, who bore him eight children, three sons and five daughters, the eldest of whom died in infancy. Mr. Burn died on 22nd February, 1800,

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extreme of unpopularity

" etc.

John A. Brown
John C. Breckinridge
John D. Caton
John G. Frémont
John H. Gilmer
John L. Helm
John W. Jones
John W. Stevenson
John W. Walker

exercise was to roam the fields with his dog and gun. He never had the reputation of being a "dead shot"; if he bagged a hare, he was content with his day's sport, though he often returned from the field as light as when he set out. Dr. Maule was a warm friend and frequent companion of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, who in time made his eloquent voice heard far beyond the quiet valley of Kilmany, and of their mutual and amiable friend Dr. Thomas Duncan, who passed from the Dundee High School to the chair of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrews. Dr. Maule was a good scholar, and bestowed great care in the preparation of his sermons. On the demolition of old St. Fort House, when the modern mansion was erected, Dr. Maule purchased the largest of the window frames, and set them in the two wings he added to the manse, the one off the dining-room for his library, the other off the drawing-room as a conservatory, and they still remain for the accommodation of his successors. He was devoted to the study of books and of Nature, and took much interest in his garden and flowers; and in his later years he rarely walked beyond his own premises. Dr. Maule was never married. He died after a short illness, on 28th July, 1835, in the 73rd year of his age.

In Leighton's poem, the "Baptisement of the Bairn," the character and habits of Dr. Maule are thus admirably hit off. The couple, in their search for an orthodox divine to christen their "weel born bairn," had called at Leuchars Manse, and found

the Rev. Mr. Whyte had gone a fishing, and shaking the dust off their feet in holy indignation, they trudged northward to Forgan.

"We'll just haud north to Forgan Manse, and get
Auld Doctor Maule—in every way most fit
To consecrate the wean. He's a divine
Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne,
Ere we were born, in doctrine clear and sound.
He'll no be at the fishing I'll be bound."

"Now here comes Forgan Manse amang the trees ;
A cozie spot weel skoogit frae the breeze.
We'll just walk ane by ane up to the door
And knock, the same's we did before.
The Doctor's been a bachelor a' his life—
Ye'd almost tak' the servant for his wife,
She's sich command ower a' that's said and dune—
Hush, that maun be the cheepin' o' her shoon.
How do you do, mem ? There's a bonnie day,
An' like to keep sae. We've come a' the way
Frae Edenside to get this bairn baptised
By Doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased.
We've no objection ; but the Doctor's gone
A shootin'. Since the shootin' time cam' on
A minute frae the gun he's hardly been.
The Lord protect us ! Was the like ere seen ;
A shootin' minister. Think shame, auld wife !
Were he the only minister in Fife
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine—
Irreverent, poachin' poother-an'-lead divine."

On the death of Dr. Maule, the Crown, being patron of the parish, granted the people the privilege of nominating a minister of their choice as successor, and the choice fell, and was confirmed, upon Rev. Charles Nairn, then assistant in Cupar, who was duly ordained minister of the parish in the year 1836.

Mr. Nairn was an able and interesting preacher and diligent parish minister. His style was

popular, and engaging to the young. His peaceful and edifying ministry, as with many others, was disturbed by the Non-intrusion controversy which raged in these times, and which so distracted the Church of Scotland as to cause what is known as the Disruption of 1843. Mr. Nairn thought it his duty to go with his party, and demitted his charge as parish minister of Forgan, but continued to minister to the portion of his flock which followed him at Newport.

Immediately following the Disruption the Rev. David Thomson accepted a call to the charge of the parish of Forgan, and he was accordingly ordained minister of the parish on 21st September, 1843. For fully forty years Mr. Thomson laboured with much acceptance, and was highly respected by his parishioners and by a large circle of friends in Newport and Dundee. Mr. Thomson took a warm interest in everything connected with Newport and the parish over which he had the spiritual oversight. His kindly, genial manner, and loving sympathies with the joys and sorrows of humanity, made him always a welcome guest in the homes of his congregation. Nor did he confine his domestic visitations to the members of his own Church, but was ever ready to afford consolation and spiritual instruction to all, no matter to what denomination they belonged. He was born at Dunse, Berwickshire. His father, Mr. E. Thomson, was classical master at Ayr Academy, and a learned philologist and antiquarian. His mother

Rebecca Forrmy, was of French extraction, her ancestors having left France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their son David, after distinguishing himself at the Ayr Academy, entered the St. Andrew's University, where, by his ability and industry, he made his studies self-supporting. He entered the University in 1823, and during his first three sessions he took several first-class bursaries. In his fourth session he took the degree of M.A., and an Exchequer bursary for a Divinity course in St. Mary's College, where he also carried off several prizes. In vacation he acted as tutor to the sons of Sir H. Stewart, Admiral R.N., K.C.B.; and while so engaged he accompanied his pupils in a cruise on board H.M.S. "Benbow." He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of St. Andrews in August, 1841. His first appointment was assistant to Dr. Hunter, St. Andrews, and during that session he taught the Logical classes, and preached for Dr. Hunter in the Town Church. Two years after he was licensed, he was presented by the Crown to the parish of Forgan, and was ordained to that charge in September, 1843; the church having been vacated by the Rev. Mr. Nairn at the Disruption in May of that year. He married Miss Munro, sister to Sheriff Munro, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Munro of Campsie. In 1883 his University conferred on him the degree of D.D. He was President of the academical body in the district. He was a Free Mason, and held the office of Grand Chaplain

to the Provincial Lodge of Fifeshire. He was also chaplain of the Newport and Tayport Volunteers, the *Mars*, and the Newport Curling Club. The good old Doctor did not long enjoy his honours. He had a rather severe illness in the autumn of 1883, but he recovered and was again ministering to his flock, when he caught a cold in Newport on Friday, 22nd May, and after a week's illness he breathed his last on Thursday, 28th May, 1884.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of Saturday, the 31st May, when a large concourse assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. At two o'clock the coffin was conveyed from the Manse to the Church, which was densely crowded, and the scene was very impressive. The pulpit and the front of the gallery were draped in black. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, and the lid was completely covered with floral wreaths, the last tributes of love from sorrowing friends. The centre of the church was occupied by the Tayport and Newport batteries of the Fifeshire Artillery Volunteers, about two hundred *Mars* boys, and the pupils attending the Forgan and Newport schools. Several members of the Presbytery of St. Andrews, and ministers of other denominations in Newport and other parishes in the district, were also present. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, of St. Andrews, and the Rev. Thomas Fraser of Newport. The service was concluded by the congregation uniting in singing the hymn

"Thy Will be Done," during which the coffin was borne from the church and placed in the hearse. The congregation then dispersed and the procession formed in the following order :—the *Mars* boys, headed by their band ; the school children, and then the hearse, on either side of which marched the volunteers, under the command of Captain Young, of Tayport, and Lieutenant Parker, of Newport ; then came the chief mourners—Mr. J. G. Munro, Mr. G. Munro Thomson, Mr. J. B. S. Munro, Mr. Edward Gallae, and Mr. W. D. Gallae, nephews of the deceased ; Dr. Stewart, Newport ; Mr. Charles Macdonald, and Mr. W. Connacher, St. Fort. Next came the Kirk Session of the parish, the members of the St. Andrews Presbytery and other clergymen, the general public, and a long line of private carriages. Amongst those in the procession were Mr. Gillespie, of Mountquhannie, Admiral Maitland-Dougal, of Scotsraig, and a number of the leading inhabitants of Newport, and many influential gentlemen from Dundee. In the above order the mournful cortége moved slowly on towards the old Kirkyard of Forgan, the *Mars* band playing the "Dead March" in Saul. Immense crowds followed the procession all along the route. Such a scene was never witnessed before in the parish. The long procession of sable mourners wending slowly along the narrow country road was very imposing, and the weird-like strains of the music reverberating among the hills had a most solemnising effect.

At the entrance to the graveyard the hearse was drawn up, and the coffin was thence carried on the shoulders of eight of the volunteers to the grave, which was dug in the east corner of the ruins of the Old Kirk. After the coffin was lowered into the grave, a prayer was offered up, by the Rev. R. Johnston of Leuchars. The people then dispersed, though a few lingered to strew the grave with wreaths of flowers. The funeral sermon was preached in the Church on Sabbath, June 8th, by the late Rev. Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews.

The grave is now enclosed, and a monument erected over it which bears the following inscription :—

“Erected by Parishioners and Friends, in affectionate remembrance of the Rev. David Thomson, D.D., who died 28th May, 1884, in 73rd year of his age, and the 41st of his ministry in this parish.

“A devoted minister, ever preaching, ‘God is Love.’”

Shortly after the death of the Rev. Dr. Thomson the congregation proceeded to fill up the vacancy in the church, and after due deliberation the Rev. Thomas Martin was elected, in the latter end of October, and formally inducted into the charge on Thursday, 17th December, 1884.

To meet the wants of the rapidly-increasing population of Newport, a new church in connection with the Establishment was built at Newport in 1871. East Newport had been formed into a *quoad sacra* parish, and the church, a handsome edifice,

surmounted by a fine spire, was named St. Thomas, to perpetuate the memory of the chapel of St. Thomas of Seamylnes, near to the site of which the new church has been planted. The Rev. Mr. Fraser was ordained its first pastor in 1871, and is still minister of the congregation. During the long years which Mr. Fraser has laboured in Newport he has gathered around him a large and attached congregation. He is a man of high culture, and a talented preacher. As a mark of the esteem in which he is held, he was, in 1887, honoured with the degree of D.D., and is now known as Rev. Dr. Fraser of Newport:



*PART VII.*THE DISRUPTION—HISTORY OF NEWPORT
FREE CHURCH.HE events which preceded and followed the Disruption in the Church of Scotland in 1843 form one of the most important epochs in the history of the present century. The excitement caused by the struggle between Church and State pervaded all classes, and penetrated to the remotest corners of Scotland. The clergy were divided into two parties, known as "Moderates" and "Non-Intrusionists," and the laity, equally interested in the ecclesiastical politics of the time, ranged themselves on the side of one or other of these parties. The main question which led to the secession of a large portion of the ministers and people from the National Church arose out of the system of patronage, under which ministers were sometimes intruded into charges against the wish of the congregations. Several flagrantly notorious cases of "intrusion" had taken place in the early part of the present century, such as at Strathbogie and Auchterarder, which led to scenes scandalous to the name of religion, and aroused the opposition of a strong party of

reformers, who were known by the name of "Non-Intrusionists." The "Moderates" were the Tories of Church politics, who shrank from all reform, and wished to keep to "old use and wont" in matters connected with the Church. Party feeling ran high, and for fully ten years the conflict raged with increasing warmth till the crisis was reached in 1843. Forgan played its part in these events as well as other parishes, and the rise and progress of the Free Church in the parish is not the least important event in the history of Forgan and Newport. It is necessary, however, in order to render the narrative more complete, to retrace our steps a little, and return to the affairs of the Parish Church, as the history of the one is closely connected with that of the other.

Although the Rev. Dr. Maule was a warm friend of Dr. Chalmers when the great divine was a young minister in his first charge at Kilmany, yet it cannot be said that the two sympathised with each other in their views on the great question which then agitated the Church. Dr. Maule was a "Moderate," and continued to adhere to that party to the close of his earthly career. When the General Assembly passed the Veto Act, it is said that at the communion which followed he desired each communicant to bring a line, with their name and address written on it, when they applied for tokens of admission to the Lord's Supper, so that a correct communion roll could be made up, as the Assembly were in future to give the congregation

the privilege of objecting to the minister presented by the patron. Strange to say, this was the last communion which the good old clergyman dispensed within the walls of the old church, where, for thirty-five years, his voice had been heard, Sabbath after Sabbath, proclaiming the everlasting Gospel. Not only was it his last communion, but the action sermon that day was the last he was ever privileged to deliver to his congregation. He chose for his text Christ's dying words on the cross, "'Tis finished," from which he preached a very impressive discourse. By a strange coincidence, that day finished the worthy Doctor's labours in his ministry on earth, and on 28th July, 1835, he departed this life and entered on his rest, in the 73rd year of his age.

The Rev. Charles Nairn, then assistant minister at Cupar-Fife, was chosen by the people as successor to Dr. Maule. He was ordained minister of Forgan in 1836, and entered on his labours with great zeal and fervour. Mr. Nairn was a young man, and showed himself an able preacher, and he soon became very popular, not only in the parish, but also in Dundee, where large audiences always assembled when he came to preach in any of the town churches. He also declared himself a partisan of the Non-intrusion side, and entered with spirit into the controversy which was then agitating the whole country.

For several years previous to Mr. Nairn's induction to the Parish Church, the population of

Forgan had been increasing rapidly. Maryton had sprung into existence as a village, and gave promise of rapid growth, while the population of Newport was growing larger year by year. The Parish Church was therefore not only too small, but was most inconveniently situated for the great bulk of the people, and Mr. Nairn exerted his influence on the heritors to get them to build a new church in a more convenient locality. The heritors saw the necessity of this appeal, and after much deliberation a site was chosen on the lands of Friarton, on the estate of St. Fort, about one mile and three-quarters from Newport pier, on the Cupar Road. The church, which was designed by Mr. Bryce, architect, Edinburgh, is a fine building in the form of a cross, and is surrounded by a spacious enclosure ornamented with trees and shrubberies. The church is seated for 600. It was built in the years 1841-42, the population of the parish being then estimated at 1200 souls. The new church was partly damaged by fire on Sunday, 13th December, 1846, four years after it was opened ; but it was thoroughly repaired again in the following year.

The Rev. Charles Nairn occupied the pulpit in the new Parish Church of Forgan little more than a year. Mr. Nairn was a member of the Assembly in 1843, and his name appears in the list of ministers who signed the Protest. After the four hundred ministers left the Assembly Hall and constituted themselves into the Free Church Assembly at Canonmills, under the leadership of

Dr. Chalmers ; Mr. Nairn returned home, and resigned his position as parish minister of Forgan. He was followed by nearly the half of the communicants, who immediately took steps to organize themselves into a Free Church congregation. A Provisional Committee was appointed, and their first work was to raise funds and select a site for building a new church. Money flowed in freely, and the hands of the Committee were strengthened by the zeal and fervour which animated the hearts of the friends of the cause. A suitable site was secured on a feu which belonged to the trustees of the late Mr. George Milne, at the moderate feu-duty which the trustees paid themselves. The situation was well chosen, being that which the present Free Church and Hall now occupy, in the centre of the village of Newport. Building operations were at once commenced, and, to facilitate this work, the materials were carted free of charge by members of the congregation. On the evening of Friday, July 7th, 1843, the foundation stone of the new church was laid in presence of a large assembly of deeply-interested spectators. The proceedings, which were of a solemn and impressive nature, were opened with praise and prayer. The Rev. Charles Nairn then delivered an address, which was listened to with breathless attention. A vessel containing copies of the *Dundee Warden* and *Fife Sentinel* newspapers, copies of the minutes and correspondence of the Provisional Committee, and a list of the office-bearers

and collectors of the Free Church Association in the parish, was then deposited in a cavity of the stone, over which another stone was laid, and the two closely cemented together. The proceedings were then closed with praise and prayer.

This was the first Newport Free Church, and it was occupied by the congregation as a place of worship for about a quarter of a century, when it was superseded by a more costly and handsome edifice. The original church was but a plain building hastily erected to meet the wants of the congregation. It was seated for four hundred persons, but attached to the main building was a large aisle intended for a schoolroom, and which could be added to the church when necessary. The school was separated from the church by a wooden partition, which could be removed at any time, thereby increasing the church accommodation by about one hundred sittings. At the time the foundation stone was laid, the work had been so far advanced that the walls were expected to be ready for roofing in about a fortnight. From first to last the building was pushed forward with all possible speed, and in less than six months after the Disruption the congregation were worshipping in their own church.

The full extent of the sacrifice which the "Disruption worthies" were called upon to make for conscience sake was not realised till the time came for them to leave their charges, and form new congregations. To many an aged minister this proved

a severe and trying ordeal. Their kirks and manses were endeared to them by many sacred and tender associations—the quaint old kirk where for years they had laboured, “dividing the word of truth” to their flocks, the manse where, with their aged partners, they had experienced all the joys and sorrows of domestic life, where their children had grown up around them and called them blessed—and to leave those scenes behind was like tearing out their very heart-strings that bound them to life. The Rev. Charles Nairn was a young man, but the “flitting” was none the less a trial to him. He had won for himself the respect and esteem of the heritors, and his pulpit labours had drawn around him a large and attached congregation. A new and handsome church had also been built, mainly through his exertions, and in the manse he and his young wife had

“Seen their happy bridal days”; but, with many a pang, all were left behind. The house which had been built as the Maryton Inn, was then tenantless, and Mr. Nairn and his wife and family removed from the manse and took up their residence there. A large grain loft at Woodhaven was placed at the disposal of the congregation by Mr. Rhynd, and was by them fitted up as a temporary place of worship, pending the erection of the new church. On Sabbath, 16th July, 1843, the first Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was dispensed in the granary to the members of the Free Church of Forgan and Newport. The following

paragraph, which graphically describes the event, is quoted from the *Dundee Warden* of 18th July, 1843 :—

" The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in connection with the Free Church of Newport on Sabbath last. As the granary used as a place of worship was unequal to accommodate the audience expected, a large tent or awning, made of old sails, was erected immediately to the west of it, in front of the farm-steading occupied by Mr. Rhynd, and separated from the river by a belt of trees, through which glimpses of the stream were obtained. The day was exceedingly favourable. There was a bright sun overhead, but the temperature was kept delightfully cool by a breeze from the west, which was just sufficient to stir the surface of the broad river, and give a dancing motion to the leafy branches of the trees, while the murmur chimed harmoniously with the voice of the preacher and the song of praise. An immense congregation from all the surrounding parishes assembled in and around the tent, where the 'action sermon' was preached and the tables fenced by the Rev. Mr. Nairn. The ordinance was dispensed in the granary to three hundred communicants, being fully three-fourths of the old parish roll. During the service of the tables, another sermon was preached by Mr. Just, pastor of the Independent congregation, who obligingly came forward to assist the Rev. Mr. Nairn. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Tayport, preached in the tent

to a still larger congregation than had assembled throughout the day."

Though the number of communicants who partook of the Lord's Supper at the first communion was stated as being three-fourths of the parish roll, it must not be understood that the whole of these members left the Parish Church. A large number of adherents of the Free Church came from the Gauldry and other parts of the adjoining parishes, and joined themselves to the Newport congregation. It is a singular fact, in connection with the Disruption in the parish of Forgan, that almost all the farm servants cast in their lot with the Free Church, whilst almost all the landed proprietors and farmers continued to adhere to the Established Church. Time changes everything. At the present time, after the lapse of fully forty years, the farm servants in the parish, with scarcely an exception, are members or adherents of the Parish Church; while, on the other hand, nearly one-half of the farmers are connected with the Free Church.

The Rev. Mr. Nairn continued to labour zealously and arduously for two years after the Disruption, but the trying nature of the work of organising the church, and the excitement and anxiety of those "Disruption times," taxed his strength severely. During the summer of 1845 he felt his health giving way, and in the autumn of that year he resigned his charge at Newport, and went to Madeira to recruit his shattered constitution. After a residence of about eighteen

months in the island of Madeira, he returned to his native country in May, 1847, refreshed in body and invigorated in mind. Shortly after his return to this country a vacancy occurred in St. David's Free Church, Dundee, through the translation of the Rev. Mr. Lewis to the Free Church of Ormiston. Mr. Nairn accepted a call from Free St. David's congregation, and was inducted to the charge in November, 1849. In Dundee he was well known and highly respected by his brethren in the Presbytery and amongst the members of his congregation. He took an active interest in the affairs of his Church, and was a regular attender at the Church Courts. He died rather suddenly at his residence in Westfield Place on 17th March, 1873, in the 70th year of his age and the 39th of his ministry.

He was succeeded at Newport by the Rev. John Nelson, afterwards better known as Dr. Nelson, of Greenock, who was ordained in May, 1846. In the year 1851, Mr. Nelson was translated to the Free North Church, Greenock, where he laboured till his death, which occurred a few years ago. During Mr. Nelson's ministry at Newport a library was founded in connection with the congregation, which, however, was intended for the benefit of all classes in the village and district, the annual subscription being one shilling.

The charge of Newport was thus twice vacated within the first ten years after the Disruption, and that must have distracted the minds of the members,

and to a certain extent retarded the growth of the congregation. The second vacancy, however, was speedily filled, and in December, 1851, the Rev. N. Macleod was ordained and inducted to the pastorate of the congregation. The settlement was a very harmonious one, and the young minister entered on his pastoral work with great zeal, and under the most encouraging circumstances. The Rev. Mr. Macleod is still at Newport, having now entered on the 37th year of his ministry.

Since the settlement of the Rev. Mr. Macleod, the history of Newport Free Church has been marked with continued prosperity.. In 1861 some alterations and improvements were made on the church. A new vestry and porch were built, the pulpit and precentor's desk were remodelled, and the church enlarged to accommodate about one hundred additional sitters. The whole cost of these alterations, including fitting up gas and painting, amounted to the sum of £174. In 1868 the original church was taken down, with the exception of a few rods of masonry on the east wall, and in its stead an entire new church was built. It is a handsome building in the early Gothic style, with a tasteful spire in front, and, from its commanding situation, it forms a striking object in the village when viewed from a distance. The church is seated for six hundred, but the sitting accommodation can be extended to eight hundred by the erection of galleries, for which

provision was made by the architect. The new church was opened on Sunday, 14th March, 1869. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nelson, Greenock, formerly minister of the congregation, who preached in the forenoon and evening, Dr. Wilson, Free St. Paul's, Dundee, conducting the afternoon service. At all these diets special collections were made in aid of the building fund. The architect of the new church was the late Mr. Mackenzie, and the total cost of the building was £2700.

In the year 1871 the Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie preached in the church, when a liberal collection was made to reduce the debt on' the new church and manse. This debt was extinguished in 1881.

In 1843 a week-day school in connection with the Free Church was opened in a portion of the building attached to the church. The school was, some years later, enlarged and extended, and was conducted with great success by the congregation till the passing of the Education Act in 1873. The Deacons' Court then gave the management of the school into the hands of the School Board, and, for four or five years after, the premises were used as the public school, till the new and more commodious school buildings were erected. The Free Church Schoolroom was the only place in Newport available for holding public meetings till the erection of the Blyth Hall in 1877. The schoolroom is now used solely for congregational purposes.

Prior to the Disruption, Forgan had its parish

school, which was efficiently co-worked on the parish school system. The parish school was more adapted from its situation to meet the wants of the landward parts of the parish, and the Free Church, finding that the rapidly-increasing population of Newport demanded additional facilities for education, supplied the want by opening a school in connection with their church, not so much as a rival to the parish school, as an auxiliary to that institution. Both schools were maintained till the Education Act, when their management was taken in hand by the School Board. From 1843 to 1873, a period of thirty years, the Free Church maintained a system of education in Newport involving a total expenditure of about £1000, in addition to the cost of erecting school buildings.

The Newport Free Church is now in a highly prosperous condition. The number of members on the communion roll is a little over 300, and, including adherents and children, there are about 700 persons connected with the congregation. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Macleod, has for many years conducted a Sabbath evening Bible Class, which has an average membership of about 70. The congregational Sabbath Schools have an average attendance of about 120. The sum annually raised by the Congregation for Sustentation Fund, Church schemes, and congregational purposes, is £650.

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PART VIII.

ORIGIN OF NEWPORT INDEPENDENT CHURCH.

HE only Dissenting congregation in Forgan, previous to the Disruption, was a small body of Scotch Congregationalists, the *nucleus* of the present flourishing Independent Church of Newport. It is one of the oldest Independent congregations in Scotland, having been organized in the beginning of the present century, during the religious excitement which led to the formation of the denomination known as Scotch Congregationalists. Their history is very interesting, but to render the narrative more intelligible, it is necessary to preface it with a brief sketch of the origin of Independency in Scotland.

The founders of Congregationalism in Scotland were the brothers Robert and James Haldane, and their fellow workers Messrs. Aikman and Raite. The Haldanes were descended from an ancient Perthshire family, which for centuries owned the estates of Gleneagles and Airthey amongst the Ochil hills. Their father was captain of a ship in the East India Company's service, his paternal estate being Airthey, near Stirling, to which Robert succeeded. Their mother was a daughter of Alexander Duncan of Lundie, father of the renowned

Admiral Duncan of Camperdown. The young Haldanes were early deprived of their parents, and were left to the care of their grandmother, Lady Lundie. During their boyhood they lived in a large house in Dundee, on the banks of the Tay. Their early training was entrusted to a private tutor, superintended by their uncle, the Admiral.

When mere lads they went to sea. Robert entered the Royal Navy at the age of seventeen, and served with distinction in several naval engagements. James, in his seventeenth year, joined an East Indiaman as a midshipman, and rose to the command of one of the Company's finest ships. In 1794 Robert Haldane retired from the Navy, married, and settled on his parental estate of Airthey, near Stirling. Two years subsequently his brother also left the East India Company's service, and married and settled down. Much about the same time the brothers became the subject of deep religious "impressions," and ultimately they resolved to consecrate their lives to the service of Christ.

Great events were then shaking the nations of the earth. The first French Revolution had deluged the streets of Paris in blood, and lighted the torch of war, which, before it could be extinguished, involved the whole nations of Europe in the conflagration. Revolutionary and Atheistical opinions, emanating from the leaders of the French Republic, spread like wildfire all over Europe, and found their way into the very heart of our own seagirt isle.

Religion and morals in Scotland were then at a very low ebb. "Moderatism" was rampant in the Established Church, and, with a few exceptions, the teaching of her pulpits had degenerated to cold morality. Sad must have been the state of the Church of Scotland at that time when David Hume could say "that the Scottish Church was more favourable to Deism than any other religion." Referring to this period, Dr. Cunningham said "it was one of the most deplorable of the Church's history." It was in these distracting times that Robert Haldane was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. But vital godliness had not wholly departed from the land. A remnant of evangelical Christians were still left both in England and Scotland, and these taking counsel together, resolved to gird on the sword of the Lord and go forth to fight in His name.

The formation of the London Missionary Society in 1795 was the beginning of a great religious revival throughout England and Scotland. To arouse the people to take an interest in missions to the heathen, eminent preachers, such as the Rev. Rowland Hill, Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, and others visited Scotland, and their labours stirred up the people to new spiritual life. Mr. Robert Haldane was the first Scotchman that joined the London Missionary Society, his first subscription being £50. Fired with zeal in the cause of missions, he resolved to sell the estate of Airthey, and with the proceeds to establish a mission to the

Hindoos in Bengal. He engaged as his co-workers in this enterprise the Rev. Greville Ewing, then minister of Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh ; the Rev. Mr. Innes of Stirling ; and Mr. Bogue of Gosport. But the Government and the East India Company threw obstacles in the way, and the enterprise had to be abandoned. Mr. Haldane next turned his attention to the condition of the people at home, and, aided by his brother, James, and Mr. Aikman, a Society was organised in Edinburgh for the " Propagation of the Gospel at Home." They were joined in this work by the Rev. Messrs. Ewing and Innes, both of whom seceded from the Established Church. This Society was instituted in 1797, and the members consisted of Christians of various denominations. Its funds were raised by subscription, but these were limited in their amount, and the greater part of the expenses incurred by the Society were defrayed by Mr. Robert Haldane. The object of the Society, as set forth in its first address, was not to form a new sect, or to extend the influence of any denomination, but to make known the Evangelical Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ wherever they saw a deficiency of the means of grace. In employing laymen as preachers and catechists, they meant it to be distinctly understood that they did not confer ordination on them as preachers or teachers. The preachers were also forbidden to make public collections at services, or to accept any money privately, as all their expenses were defrayed by

the Society. Amongst the preachers and catechists sent out by this Society were James A. Haldane, Mr. Aikman, and Mr. Raite, who made extensive tours throughout Scotland. They were also joined in this work by ministers from England, and the fervency of their preaching produced a great excitement all over the country.

In 1798 Mr. Raite was commissioned by this Society to "itinerate" in Fife, and in the course of his travels he visited the parish of Forgan. The majority of the ministers of the Established Church were not only opposed to this movement, but, as will be shown, cherished a bitter hostility against it, and determined at all hazards to stamp it out ; but there were a few sound evangelical ministers who thoroughly sympathised in the movement, and encouraged the preachers in their work. Amongst this number was the Rev. James Burn, the parish minister of Forgan. Mr. Burn invited Mr. Raite to visit Forgan, and allowed him to preach during the week in the old kirkyard, where the people gathered in large numbers from all parts of the surrounding country to hear him. On the Sabbath following it was arranged that Mr. Raite would again address the people in the churchyard. A large congregation accordingly assembled within the "sacred enclosure," but a heavy shower of rain came on as the service was about to begin, and the people took shelter in the old parish kirk. Under the circumstances Mr. Burn allowed Mr. Raite to occupy the pulpit, though he was well aware that

in doing so he was rendering himself liable to be censured by his brethren. And he did not escape, for in due course he was summoned to appear before the Presbytery of St. Andrews to answer for this flagrant violation of canonical rule. Mr. Burn was warned of the danger to which he exposed himself in sympathising with these wandering preachers, but he boldly declared that he "would do it though he should be put out of his church the next week." Mr. Burn defended himself nobly when he came before the Presbytery, and, in the course of a withering speech, he severely assailed Mr. Hill, one of his bitterest opponents. One of the brethren, remarking on Mr. Burn's speech, said "that it was the nature of burns to run down a hill," a wretched pun which tickled the "Moderates" immensely. The pun had, however, a double meaning well known to all the brethren of the Presbytery. In 1780 Mr. Burn appeared before the General Assembly, and opposed by a vigorous speech the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Hill to the second charge of St. Andrews Parish Church, on the ground of the Rev. gentleman holding a Professorship in St. Andrews University, which he had no intention of resigning. The Assembly decided in favour of Mr. Hill. Coming home from one of those stormy meetings of Presbytery on a cold winter night Mr. Burn caught a severe cold, which brought on inflammation of the lungs, from which he never recovered.

But to return to the itinerant preachers and the

results of their work in the parish of Forgan. A deep impression was made on the minds of the people by the preaching of the Word, and many were brought to a knowledge of the truth. Amongst those who were thus awakened were two young men, Thomas and George Just, sons of Mr. Robert Just of Broadhaugh, a small property in West Newport. Mr. Just also owned a piece of land in East Newport, which was known as "Just's Park," but which is now feued and built upon, and bears the name of James's Place. Thomas Just, who for thirty-eight years was pastor of the Newport Independent congregation, is said by his biographer (Mr. Lothian of St. Andrews) to have been early "the subject of deep religious impressions, being frequently brought under strong convictions of sin, and retiring for secret prayer that God would enlighten his mind in the knowledge of Christ."

Under the evangelical preaching of the Rev. Mr. Burn he learned the way of salvation, but the visit of the evangelists to his native village was the dawning of a new life to him. One of the means employed by the "Society for Propagating the Gospel" was the establishment of Sabbath Schools, and into this department of the work Thomas Just and his brother George entered with all the ardour and zeal of young converts. Sabbath Schools were opened at Newport, Ferry-Port-on-Craig, Leuchars, and other villages in the district, and the brothers devoted much of their time to the work

of organising and teaching these schools. The visit of Mr. Raite was followed by other evangelists and ministers from England and Scotland, who, by their fervent preaching, stirred up the people to renewed earnestness. Amongst those who about this time visited Forgan were the Rev. Mr. Philip of Aberdeen, afterwards Dr. Philip of South Africa, Dr. Cracknell of Weymouth, Mr. Aikman, and others. A small devoted band of earnest Christians joined themselves together in Newport and the "Waterside." They used to meet several times a week for prayer and conversation on spiritual things, and to encourage each other in prosecuting the work, but as yet they still adhered to the Church of their fathers. A storm was brewing, however, and ere long it burst upon them, and filled their hearts with consternation. The success which had attended the labours of the itinerant preachers roused the jealousy and alarm of the "Moderates" in the Established Church, and they determined to aim a blow at them which would check their influence.

At the meeting of the General Assembly in May, 1799, overtures from the Synods of Aberdeen and Angus and Mearns anent "Vagrant preachers, Sunday schools, irreligion, and anarchy" were laid on the table. The overtures were unanimously adopted, and an Act was passed, prohibiting all persons from preaching within the jurisdiction of the Assembly who had not first been educated and licensed in Scotland. A Committee was also

appointed to draw up a "Pastoral Letter" addressed to the people on the subject of itinerant preaching, and a report on Sunday Schools, which latter document was hostile towards these institutions as then conducted. Four thousand copies of the "Pastoral Admonition," as the first document was termed, were printed and circulated throughout the country, and the parish ministers were also ordered to read it from their pulpits on the first Sabbath after it reached them. This obnoxious "Bull" filled the hearts of the evangelical portion of the clergy of the Church of Scotland with feelings of grief and indignation, and many of them refused to read it, while others complied under protest. The "Admonition" charged the itinerants with being "uneducated" and "self-sent men." It attacked the "Society for Propagating the Gospel at Home," and charged the preachers with "entering parishes without any call," with "erecting Sabbath schools," and connecting these schools with "certain secret meetings," "censuring the doctrines of parish ministers;" and also charged the teachers and preachers with being "enemies to the civil government and to the ecclesiastical establishment of the land, and with being in league with the Revolutionary party in France." It also declared that these men were "acting as if they were possessed of some secret method of bringing men into Heaven," and further warned the people from "following up and down a set of men of whom you know not whence they be." The Procurator of the Church was also

instructed to take proceedings against the Sabbath School teachers on the strength of some obsolete statutes enacted by the Scottish Parliament against "Papists and Malignants." The Acts of the Assembly against itinerant preachers were not repealed until 1842, the year previous to the Disruption, when Dr. Cunningham carried an overture against them. In supporting Dr. Cunningham's motion, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie stigmatised the proceedings of 1799 as "one of the blackest Acts the Church of Scotland ever passed." Strange to say, after the Disruption the obnoxious Act was again re-enacted with indecent haste, in the face of strong protests from several members of the Assembly, and especially from Sir Charles Dalrymple Ferguson, of Kilkerran. Subsequently, however, the prohibition anent ministerial communion has been withdrawn by the General Assembly. Opposition to the itinerant evangelists was not wholly confined to the "Moderate" party in the Established Church; the Relief and Anti-burgher bodies, now composing the U.P. denomination, were equally hostile in their attitude towards them. They denounced them in their Church Courts, and even went so far as to depose a minister from their communion for identifying himself with the movement.

But to return to Newport. The arbitrary proceedings of the General Assembly alarmed the teachers of the Sabbath Schools in this district, and in their perplexity they applied to their friend the

Rev. Mr. Burn. Mr. Burn thoroughly disapproved of the course adopted by the General Assembly, but, being a man of peace, he advised Messrs. Thomas and George Just, and their colleagues in the Sunday schools, to appear before a Magistrate and take the oath of allegiance to the Government. Accordingly they presented themselves before the Sheriff of Fife at Cupar on 29th October, 1799, and took the oath, when no further proceedings were instituted against them.

The "Pastoral Admonition" had the effect of stimulating the Haldanes and their friends to fresh zeal, and led them to take a "new departure" in their operations. They separated themselves entirely from the Established Church, and formed new congregations on Independent principles. In large towns Tabernacle Churches were built, and classes were established for training students, the greater part of the funds being provided by Mr. R. Haldane. One of these "Tabernacles" was built in Dundee, and Mr. Innes, late of Stirling, was appointed the pastor. This building, which was termed the West Port Church, was erected in North Tay Street. It was afterwards purchased by the Town Council, and constituted into one of the Town Churches, and it is presently known as St. David's Established Church.

One of the reasons for separation from the Established Church was the lax state of discipline in the Church, by which members were admitted into her communion without regard to their moral

or spiritual condition. Mr. Thomas Just was long dissatisfied with this state of things, and seeing no hope of reformation within the Church he was led to examine more closely the principles of Congregationalism ; and eventually, after the death of the Rev. Mr. Burn, he, along with his brother and other kindred spirits in the district, broke off their connection with the Church of Scotland, and attached themselves to the “Tabernacle” in Dundee. In 1801 a congregation was formed at Newport, consisting of sixteen members. Students from Mr. Innes’s theological class continued for some time to supply the little flock with sermons. In the following year the theological class was removed from Dundee to Edinburgh, and then the congregation applied for preachers to the “Society for Propagating the Gospel at Home.” A Mr. Thomas Taylor was accordingly sent to minister to them in spiritual things, and after he had laboured amongst them for some months he was appointed their pastor, and set apart for the office on 5th January, 1803. The incomes of these Congregational pastors in thinly populated districts were very small, and they were often compelled to labour with their hands like Paul, so that they might not be burdensome to their flocks. It is recorded of Mr. Lindsay, of Letham, that he had to open a small shop to eke out the income he derived from his congregation, while many others were driven to similar expedients. Mr. Taylor, the first pastor of the Newport congregation, opened a day school to

enable him to support his family. But here he was poaching on the preserves of the Established Church, and in marked keeping with the intolerant spirit which the "Moderate" party had shown towards the itinerant evangelists, he was summoned before the Presbytery of St. Andrews as "a teacher within their bounds," and required to sign the Confession of Faith. Mr. Taylor refused to comply with the Presbytery's demands, and the Ecclesiastical Court called on the civil power to aid them in enforcing their tyrannical decrees. The case was taken before the Sheriff of Fife, and after a protracted litigation, extending over a period of two years, the Sheriff decreed against the poor schoolmaster. A Sheriff officer, armed with a warrant, proceeded to the humble schoolroom at "Westwater," and by virtue of his authority he turned out the teacher and scholars, shut the door, locked it, and affixed the Royal seal over the key-hole. Such contemptible tyranny requires no comment. Poor Mr. Taylor, persecuted for conscience sake, was compelled to resign the pastorate of the Newport church, and emigrate with his family to America.



*PART IX.*PROGRESS OF INDEPENDENT AND OTHER
CHURCHES.

TWHEN Mr. Taylor resigned his office the brethren applied to Mr. Innes of the Dundee Tabernacle for advice. Since their formation into a congregation, five years previously, they had increased from sixteen to twenty-five members, a small increase, it is true, but sufficient to show that they were not destitute of vitality. Mr. Innes counselled them to select one of their own number to the pastoral oversight of the church, and, acting on his advice, their choice fell on Mr. Thomas Just, who was accordingly set apart for the work of the ministry in the year 1806. The better to qualify himself for his life work, Mr. Just attended Mr. Haldane's theological classes in Edinburgh during the winter of 1806-7, his place at Newport being temporarily supplied by Mr. Elder of Leven, Mr. Just crossing the Forth every week to supply Mr. Elder's church.

The first place in which this interesting congregation met for worship was the ground floor of the house occupied by Mr. Just's father. Old Mr. Just was very proud of the part taken by his sons in connection with the congregation, and he

kindly granted them that part of his residence for their meeting-house. Some time afterwards the old gentleman got indignant with the "brethren" regarding their action in a case of discipline which came before them, and as they would not yield to his opinions, he turned them out of the house and left them to shift for themselves. Next they rented a small cottage on the banks of the Tay from a shoemaker, one of the conditions being that they should allow an old woman to live in the cottage. The "brethren" agreed to put up with the old woman, and she did not take up much room. At their own expense they paved the floor, put in large windows, and otherwise repaired the cottage. The cottage was situated near Seamyle in Newport, and, though now greatly enlarged, is still known by the name of Chapelhouse, and was occupied by the late James Smith, Esquire. Here the congregation continued to meet Sabbath after Sabbath till the year 1822, when they built a small chapel, the cost of which was almost entirely defrayed by Mr. Just and his brothers. This chapel, which is still in existence, is situated in West Newport, and stands on the south side of the road leading to Woodhaven. There is a shop on the ground floor, which is presently occupied by Mrs. Murdoch. The sanctuary, which was but an "upper room," was entered by a door at the south side of the east wall. The congregation, which had been slowly but steadily increasing, were now enabled to meet for worship in far more comfort-

able circumstances than had been their lot hitherto. For upwards of thirty years they worshipped in this little Zion, till it became too small to accommodate their increased numbers. A new church was built in 1868, when the chapel was sold, and the upper sanctuary is now used as a clubroom.

Mr. Just laboured with great zeal in the cause of Christ. He generally preached three times each Lord's Day in his own chapel, and, in addition, he conducted services in two neighbouring villages once a month. He was ever ready to assist his brethren in the ministry. It was not uncommon for him, after preaching in the forenoon in Newport, to come over to Dundee and assist some of his brethren there in dispensing the communion, and then return home and preach to his own people in the evening. Mr. Just was a humble, consistent Christian, and, while preaching the Gospel, he also "lived the Gospel." Two years after he entered on the office of the ministry, serious divisions arose among the Congregationalists on the subject of infant baptism, which led to the separation of Mr. James Haldane, pastor of the Tabernacle Church of Edinburgh, and others. But Mr. Just and his little flock remained loyal to the principles of Independency. In course of time Mr. Just married, and at his father's death he inherited the property of Broadheugh, which he cultivated himself, maintaining his family off the income derived therefrom. After a life of earnest and devoted labour in the cause of

Christ, he died at Newport on 1st November, 1844, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his ministry. His remains were interred in the old kirkyard of Forgan, where his dust mingles with that of several generations of his forefathers.

He was succeeded in the office of the ministry by his son Thomas Just, who studied at the Theological Academy at Glasgow. Mr. Just, junior, resigned his charge in 1849, and for a time he left the ministry. For three years the congregation was ministered to by Mr. Farley, when Mr. Thomas Just returned to Newport and resumed his duties as pastor of the congregation. Some years later Mr. Just left Newport and went to reside in England. In the year 1865 the Rev. John Tait, of Blairgowrie, was called to Newport. Under his pastoral care the congregation flourished so well that it became absolutely necessary to provide a more commodious and suitable place of worship. Funds were subscribed and a feu was secured in Kilburn Place, overlooking the old harbour, on which a handsome church was erected, from plans prepared by the late Mr. Mackenzie, architect. The building, which is quite an ornament to the village, is in the pointed Gothic style. It has a small graceful spire, and is internally fitted up with the most improved heating and ventilating apparatus, and a small organ has also been added. The cost of the building, including a commodious hall, did not exceed £2,000.

The new chapel was opened on Wednesday, 23rd April, 1868. The opening services began at noon, when the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh preached an appropriate discourse from Ephesians iv. and 10 : " He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that He might fill all things." In the evening a social meeting was held in the church, when the Rev. John Tait, the pastor, presided. The church was crowded on this occasion. In addition to several eminent ministers connected with the denomination from Dundee, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, the Rev. David Thomson, parish minister of Forgan, and the Rev. N. M'Leod, Free Church minister, Newport, were also on the platform. The proceedings were very interesting. Amongst those who addressed the meeting were the Rev. Messrs. Thomson and M'Leod, both of whom congratulated the congregation on the opening of their new church, and bade them " God speed." On the evening of Tuesday, 15th June, 1869, a soiree was held in the Church on the occasion of the inauguration of the new organ. The Rev. Mr. Tait presided, and several clergymen from Dundee and elsewhere addressed the meeting, and, in the course of the evening, selections of music were played on the organ.

In November, 1877, the Rev. Mr. Tait resigned the pastorate of Newport Independent congregation. His reason for taking this step was failing health. He had been forty-three years a minister

of the Gospel—thirty-two years in the Congregational Church in Blairgowrie, and eleven years in Newport—and he felt himself no longer able to discharge the duties of the office with satisfaction to himself and acceptance to his people. The congregation reluctantly accepted his resignation, and in May of the following year the present pastor, the Rev. Mr. Allan, was chosen and ordained to the office. Mr. Tait still continues to reside in Newport, where he doubtless enjoys his well-earned repose after a life spent in the service of the Master. Though now released from the active duties of the ministry, he still evinces a deep interest in the welfare of the congregation, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to his successor, and to aid in the furtherance of all the schemes connected with the congregation.

The Rev. Mr. Allan has now been nearly ten years settled in Newport, and during that time he has continued to labour with much zeal and acceptance amongst his people. The Independent congregation of Newport is now in a highly flourishing condition. It has upwards of one hundred members in full communion, a large Sabbath school and Bible classes, and its church and manse are entirely free from debt.

Dissenters did not appear to have thriven well in the parish of Forgan. We have seen what a hard struggle the Congregationalists had to maintain an “independent” existence; and as for the other bodies, known in the early times as Relief,

Burgher, Anti-Burghers, and Original Seceders, neither of them had any corporate existence in the parish. The three first-named denominations were united in 1847, and under the name of United Presbyterians they have become a powerful Church, and have lately been "lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes" in all parts of the country. In 1878 a congregation connected with the U.P. denomination was formed in Newport, and though still in its infancy it gives token of a vigorous manhood. As yet it may be said to have little of a history, but still the circumstances connected with its origin are worthy of being recorded.

In May, 1878, the Dundee U.P. Presbytery opened a preaching station at Newport for the purpose of supplying ordinances to their adherents during the summer, and to test whether it would be advisable to form a congregation there. The meetings were held in the Blyth Hall, and were so successful that a meeting of the friends in Newport was held on the 10th September of the same year, when it was agreed to petition the Presbytery to sanction the formation of a congregation in Newport. The Presbytery, after considering the prayer of the petition, agreed to form the station into a congregation. On the 1st April of the following year (1879) the congregation gave a call to the Rev. J. S. Scotland, U.P. minister at Errol, to be their pastor. Mr. Scotland accepted the call, and was inducted at Newport on 10th September, 1879. In less than a year the congre-

gation had been fully organised, and had a minister settled amongst them. The next important matter they had to face was the building of a church, and to this work they set themselves with great vigour. A building committee was formed, and eventually their labours were so far successful that a site was procured. The plans prepared by Messrs. G. & L. Ower, architects, Dundee, having been accepted, and subscriptions raised, the building was then proceeded with. On Saturday, 20th August, 1881, the foundation stone of the new church was publicly laid by Admiral Maitland-Dougal of Scotsraig, in presence of a large concourse of spectators. A sealed bottle containing copies of the Dundee *Courier & Argus*, Dundee *Advertiser*, Edinburgh *Scotsman*, and Glasgow *Daily Mail*, all of that date, and copies of the August numbers of the *Missionary Record*, and the *Children's Missionary Record* of the U.P. Church, was put into a cavity of the stone. In addition, the vessel contained lists of names of the members of Kirk Session, Church Managers, and Building Committee, and a brief history of the congregation. In name of the minister and congregation Mrs. Borwick presented the Admiral with a silver trowel, with which he performed the ceremony of laying the stone. Addresses were delivered suitable to the occasion, and the proceedings were opened and closed with praise and prayer.

In 1883 the members of the Episcopalian body residing in Newport began to take steps for the

purpose of forming a congregation. With the sanction of the Diocesan Synod, the Bishop of St. Andrews opened a mission in Newport, and placed it under the charge of the Rev. S. B. Hodson, who had for some years filled the office of diocesan chaplain and canon of St. Ninians, Perth. Services were conducted for a time in the small Blyth Hall. The little flock increased rapidly, and at last it was resolved to erect a church. An appeal for funds was promptly and generously responded to by numerous friends, more especially by Miss Stewart of St. Fort, and the Misses Guthrie, who subscribed largely to the building fund. A site was obtained from Mr. W. Berry of Tayfield, in a central and commanding situation adjoining the public steps leading from the pier road to Kilburn Place. The foundation stone was laid on 26th August, 1886, the ceremony having been performed by Miss Stewart of St. Fort. The building was designed by Mr. Cappon of East Newport. It is named St. Mary's, and is a neat little church in the early Gothic style, and is seated for 240. It was consecrated and opened for public worship by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews on 28th April, 1887. A fine organ has since been placed in the church.

There is now no lack of Dissenting places of worship in the parish of Forgan, and the conscientious adherents of the different denominations will not require to cross the water or walk to Tayport, as they had to do in the beginning of the present century. There was a Relief Church at Tayport

in those times which the members of that body in Forgan sometimes attended, but, as the distance from Newport or Woodhaven was four or five miles, it was only the real staunch Seceders who made the pilgrimage every Sunday. In the olden times it was a prevailing custom throughout Scotland for the people to flock in large numbers from distant parishes to attend the services at communion seasons. The Relief communion at Tayport attracted great numbers from Newport to the little church which then stood near the beach. To accommodate the great influx of worshippers, a tent was erected in close proximity to the church, where, throughout the entire day, sermons were preached by ministers from distant parts of the country, who were engaged to assist the stated pastor at the sacramental services. Such customs have long been abandoned, but they serve to show how high the tide of religious feeling rose in the days of our forefathers.

Many of the strictly orthodox amongst the Scottish peasantry were highly indignant at the "moral" preaching of the "Moderate" party in the Established Kirk, and in their own quaint and expressive phraseology they were not slow to criticise the ministrations of the clergy. A resi-denter at the "Waterside," after the induction of Dr. Maule as minister of Forgan, declared that he had attended the parish kirk for six months, and during all that time he never heard the name of Christ mentioned by the Doctor, except when he

finished a prayer with the phrase, "for Christ's sake. Amen." At length, the worthy man, disgusted with the Doctor and his moral disquisitions, began to attend the Independents, but they did not agree with his views of doctrine and practice. Probably, like Leighton's hero, he was prejudiced against them, and said to himself before he went—

"Down to the 'Waterside' we needna gang ;
I'm tauld the ministers preach naething there
But cauld morality, new fangled ware,
That draps all faith and trusts to works alone,
That gangs skin-deep, but never cleaves the bane."

We are afraid the lines are a gratuitous calumny on the Independents, but still, either from prejudice or differing with them on some other minor points of government, our worthy "boatman" felt he could not cast in his lot with them. So he turned his face eastward and joined the Relief body at Tayport. But, like Noah's dove, he could find no rest there, his rigid orthodox prejudices having been offended by the introduction of what was called singing the "running line"; so he left the Seceders and once more took refuge under the wings of the Established Church.

Another orthodox boatman at the "Westwater," rather than sit under the preaching of the "Moderate" minister of his own parish, was in the habit of crossing to Dundee in his boat every Sabbath to listen to the "pure evangel" which was proclaimed from the pulpit of one of the churches in the town. The worthy "old salt" was a strict

observer of the Sabbath, according to his own idea of keeping holy the day of rest. Crossing the Tay in his own boat to attend public worship, with his son to manage the "lug," was in his eyes a work of necessity and mercy, and perhaps it was less a violation of the Fourth Commandment than driving to church in a carriage and pair. One Sunday morning, as he was about to set sail for Dundee, a hasty traveller came hurrying down to the pier and begged a passage across the river. Without much scruple the boatman consented, and the passenger took his seat in the boat. When the boat reached the Craig, the passenger took out his purse and offered the boatman sixpence for the fare, but the old man, with a pious shake of the head, refused the money, saying he "couldna tak' siller on the Lord's Day." The traveller did not press the point, and was about to pocket his purse again, when the old man suddenly added, "My son Jock's forrit there ; you can see what he says aboot it." The traveller took the hint, and "tipped" the coin into Jock's palm, and he, less scrupulous than his father, took it without any objection, but whether he was allowed to retain it for his own use is somewhat doubtful.



PART X.

PROGRESS OF NEWPORT—CURLING AND BOWLING CLUBS.

HE opening of the various lines of railway throughout the country, and more especially the opening of the Edinburgh and Northern Railway, running through the county of Fife, which took place on 17th May, 1848, was an event rather adverse to the prosperity of Newport. The opening of this Fife railway, as elsewhere, abolished the rumbling old stage coaches, and introduced a more rapid means of communication between Dundee and the south. The line, as every one knows, only extended from the Firth of Tay to the Firth of Forth, these estuaries being crossed, as in former times, by ferry boats sailing in connection with the trains. On the north of Fife the railway terminated at Ferry-Port-on-Craig, the traffic being ferried across the Tay to Broughty. Newport was thus cut off from the line of traffic by the opening of the new railway; the coaches no longer arrived and departed from her pier; and, to make matters worse, the traffic in cattle and goods for the south was turned into a new channel. The stream of traffic which had for

years flowed through the village was thus suddenly dried up. It must have chagrined the inhabitants of the then rising little village to find themselves thus, as it were, isolated from the great world, which they had been accustomed to see passing through their midst day after day for so many years. The prospects of their little community rising to the importance of a trading centre was thus entirely blasted, and with the exception that by means of the Ferries they were closely linked to Dundee, they would have been completely isolated from all contact with the busy world. But another destiny was in store for them, and the future of the village proved to be brighter than its most sanguine inhabitant could ever have anticipated. Judging from the census returns of the population, the village must have remained almost stagnant for about twenty years — viz., from 1838 to 1861. In the former year the population is given at about 600, and in 1861 the population is given at 728. In the next ten years it doubled its population, and according to the last census it had more than trebled the numbers in 1861. Thus it will be seen that the actual prosperity of Newport has only taken place within the last thirty years or so—a period, moreover, in which Dundee has made the most rapid strides in commercial enterprise.

The first event which falls to be noticed during the last quarter of a century is the introduction of gas into the village. Candles and "oily cruzies,"

the lights of former days, were superseded by the more brilliant light obtained from coal gas, and in every town or village of any importance the new light was adopted. Newport was fast increasing in population, and giving promise of becoming, at no distant date, a place of considerable importance. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, that gas should be provided if the inhabitants were to enjoy the amenities of modern civilization. By the active exertions of the late Mr. Boyd, solicitor, Dundee, who had taken up his residence in Newport, a Gas Company was formed in the year 1856. The shares were rapidly taken up, chiefly amongst the people in the village and district. A suitable site was procured at Seacraig, close to the beach, and a little to the east of the old harbour, on which neat and commodious works were erected by Mr. Just, contractor, Newport. In the beginning of September, 1856, the gas works were completed, and gas supplied to most of the houses in the village before the end of the month. In recognition of the services rendered to the community in connection with the gas supply, a public dinner was given to Mr. Boyd, the Secretary of the Company, in the Newport Inn, on the evening of Friday, 24th October of the same year. John Berry, Esq., of Tayfield, occupied the chair, and Mr. R. G. Holden acted as croupier. The Gas Company has now been upwards of thirty years in existence, and their affairs are in a very prosperous condition. Of course the price of gas

in Newport is very much higher than in Dundee, but, as a rule, the quality is good, and that is a matter of great importance to the consumers.

In 1858 a Curling Club was formed, which is still in existence—vigorous and healthy; but from what we can gather, this club was not the first instituted for the prosecution of the “roaring game” in the parish. A paragraph in the *Dundee Courier* of 5th March, 1839, informs us that the gentlemen members of the Forgan Curling Club gave a grand ball in Forgan Schoolroom on the evening of Wednesday, 27th February. The *elite* of the parish were invited, and the ball went off with great *eclat*. Dancing commenced at seven o’clock in the evening, the music being supplied by “Rattray’s band” from Cupar. The curlers and their fair partners “tripped the light fantastic toe” till the small hours of the morning. Public entertainments must have been few and far between in Forgan in those days, judging by the reporter’s closing remarks that “this was the first ball which had been held here for a long time, but it is hoped it will not be the last.” We hear no more of the doings of this club, and in all probability it had been defunct years before the Newport Curling Club was formed in 1858.

The Curling Club has now been upwards of thirty years in existence, and has at present between eighty and ninety members. Two large ponds, containing each 1100 square yards of water surface, were constructed in “Berry’s Den” for the

use of the members. The ground was leased from Mr. Berry of Tayfield, and the spot selected for the ponds is a picturesque hollow within the grounds of Tayfield. A brawling burn flows through the den on its way to join the Tay near the Newport pier. The steep sloping banks of the dell are thickly covered with shrubs and trees, the branches of the latter overhanging the dell, and in summer forming a dense canopy of foliage through which the rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate. It is a cool retreat in summer time, where a pensive visitor could dream away the long summer day listening to the songs of the birds and the murmuring music of the burn. The ponds are situated at the north end of the den, and are supplied with water from the little stream "that gurgles through the wood." In this sequestered dell the lovers of the "roaring game" can enjoy their healthy sport by night or day, the matches being often played in the evenings by the aid of torchlight. A night scene at the ponds is romantic and picturesque. Flaring flambeaux light up the dark surface of the frozen water with a lurid glare, casting weird-like shadows into the surrounding darkness; the frost-covered branches overhead reflecting back the flashing rays in every shade and hue; the shadowy forms of the players flitting about the "rinks," flourishing great brooms, and the whirring noise of the stones as they glide along the smooth ice, combined with the sound of excited voices and merry laughter, make up a scene more resembling a fairy carnival than a

gathering of commonplace mortals. Of course, the Newport Club, like other kindred institutions, has its annual dinner of "beef and greens," and the members are ever ready to give or accept a friendly challenge match with neighbouring clubs. At present the club is under the patronage of Mrs. Berry of Tayfield. The entry money for a member is £1, and the annual subscription 5s. In connection with the Newport Curling Club we extract the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Dundee Courier and Argus* on Thursday, 9th February, 1882:—"The annual dinner of this club was held in the Blyth Hall on Wednesday evening, and was attended by a large number of its members. Mr. William Dove, president of the club, took the chair, and was supported by the Rev. D. Thomson of Forgan, ex-Provost Robertson, Mr. Walker (Westwood), Mr. Blyth-Martin, and Mr. Alex. Scott, &c., and deputations from the neighbouring clubs of Ardit, Balyarrow, Balmerino, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, and Scotscraig. Mr Leitch discharged the duties of croupier. Although very little curling has been enjoyed during the season, the usual curling proceedings, including initiation and Curlers' Court, were gone through with great spirit, notwithstanding the absence of 'John Frost.' The most enjoyable part of the evening's proceedings consisted in the presentation of a very handsome silver claret jug to Mr. Dove, on the occasion of his retiring from the office of honorary secretary and treasurer to the club. The presentation

was made by Mr. Walker of Westwood, and the claret jug bears the following inscription:—
‘Presented to William Dove, Esq., by the members of the Newport Curling Club, as a token of their appreciation of his very efficient services as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the Club for the long period of twenty years, and of the esteem in which he personally is held by them. 8th February, 1882.’ An excellent dinner was provided by Mr. Keay, of the Royal Hotel, Newport.”

The period between 1861 and 1871 was a time of active progress in the village, though it was not marked by any great events. Building went on rapidly, and during the ten years the population increased from 728 to 1487. The increase in population was greatest in East Newport, a large number of new buildings having been erected on the estate of Tayfield. In 1860 a Volunteer Artillery corps was formed in Newport, and has up to the present time been maintained in a state of thorough efficiency, and has frequently been complimented by the inspecting officer. The corps made its first appearance at the Royal Scotch Volunteer Review held in Edinburgh in August, 1860. At that, the first great gathering of Scotch Volunteers, they made a very creditable appearance, though they were but a young corps, and had not then been supplied with carbines. They were commanded by Mr. Stewart of St. Fort, and were ranked amongst the eight corps from Fifeshire, which formed part of the 2nd Artillery Brigade. The Newport men were

supplied with old cavalry sabres, which each man carried in his hand in the "march past." This corps, under Lieutenants Brown and Parker, formed part of the Artillery forces of the Royal Review in August, 1881. While speaking of recreations, it may be as well to state here that a Bowling Club has also been in active operation in the village during the past eighteen or nineteen years. The club was formed in 1869 with twenty-five members, and there are now upwards of one hundred members on the roll. About ten years ago a fine new bowling-green was laid out by the club on a piece of ground feued from Mr. Berry of Tayfield. This green, which is considered one of the best in Scotland, is situated in Kilburn Park, behind the Blyth Hall, the feu being 130 poles in extent. The playing space from north to south is seven rinks, and from east to west six rinks. A handsome and commodious clubhouse is built on the south side of the grounds, a well was also sunk, and the rest of the grounds are tastefully laid out with flower beds and shrubberies. The total cost of laying out the green and grounds, and erecting the clubhouse and other conveniences, amounted to £1100. The ground was feued in 1875, and on Wednesday, 1st August, 1877, the green was formally opened by Mr. Harry Walker, president of the club. The architect was Mr. George Smith, one of the members. Mr. H. Walker, in declaring the bowling green open to members, made the gratifying announcement that

the club had been able to open the green free of debt. After playing a match, the members lunched together in the Blyth Hall. The green feued from the late Captain Brown of Seacraig House, formerly used by the Newport Club, is now used by the Maryton Club, another bowling club which has lately been formed in Newport.



*PART XI.*THE "MARS" TRAINING SHIP—TAY BRIDGES—
WATER SUPPLY—RAILWAYS.

TN 1869 a movement was set on foot in Dundee with the view of establishing an institution for the purpose of rescuing homeless and destitute boys from a probable life of crime, and training them for sailors, or to other useful trades. Institutions of that kind had previously been established in some of the principal seaports of the kingdom, and the success which had attended them induced the originators of the movement in Dundee to endeavour to get a ship for the Tay to serve as a Training Ship for the East of Scotland. The scheme was favourably entertained by gentlemen of influence in the counties of Fife, Perth, and Forfar, and a Committee was formed and subscriptions raised to start the institution. An application was made to the Admiralty for a ship, and their Lordships offered the *Mars* line-of-battle ship, which was accepted by the Committee, on 27th May, 1869. The *Mars*, which was then lying at Sheerness, was brought to Dundee, and arrived in the Tay in the end of the month of May. The ship was moored on the south side of

the river, at a point about a mile west of Newport, and almost opposite the old ferry pier of Woodhaven, where she still lies at anchor. The *Mars* is an old line-of-battle ship—one of the stately floating castles of the British Navy, the “wooden walls of old England,” which formed our only bulwark from foreign invasion in the days of Nelson and Collingwood. She has three decks, with a lofty and commodious poop, and her stern and broadsides bristle with portholes. She is a splendid specimen of the naval architecture of the last century, but like all the rest of her class she has been superseded by a race of ironclads and ungainly “turret ships,” which the improved destructive power of modern artillery have rendered necessary. Previous to being “laid on the shelf,” the *Mars* was converted into a screw steamship and fitted with engines of 400 horse power. She then carried 68 guns, and was 2573 tons burden.

After the *Mars* arrived in the Tay she was fitted up to suit the peaceful and philanthropic purpose which she was henceforth destined to fulfil. On Thursday, October 21, 1869, the institution was formally opened, on which occasion a large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled on board to participate in the ceremony. Among the guests were—Sir D. Baxter, Sir J. Ogilvie, Sir R. Anstruther, Provost Yeaman, Dundee; Lord Provost Pullar, Perth; Provost Milton, St. Andrews; Provost Hood, Cupar Fife; Provost Swan, Kirkcaldy; Admiral Maitland-Dougal, and a number

of ministers and ladies and gentlemen from Dundee and other towns in the east of Scotland. The party assembled on the main deck in front of the poop, and the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Dundee. Speeches, appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by Provost Yeaman (who presided), Sir R. Anstruther, Sir J. Ogilvy, and Sheriff Barclay, Perth. The company then spent an hour in inspecting the ship, and after partaking of some refreshment they were conveyed back to Newport and Dundee in the steamers which were engaged to transport them to and from the ship.

The *Mars* Institution is based on the Industrial School system. It provides a temporary home for homeless and destitute boys, unconvicted of crime, who may be sent to the ship by the order of a Justice of the Peace, or a Police Magistrate, in any town or district in the east of Scotland. Boys are not eligible under twelve, nor over fourteen years of age, and they cannot be detained after they reach the age of sixteen years. On board they receive a plain English education. The majority are trained for the sea, but some domestic handicrafts are also taught, such as shoemaking, tailoring, &c. At one time the *Mars* had a tender attached to her—a smart schooner named the *Lightning*—which in the summer months made experimental trips along the coast, the craft being manned by crews of *Mars* boys. This has been replaced by a fine new one, the *Francis Molison*. Some years

ago the hull of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Tay was purchased by the Directors, and fitted up as a floating swimming bath, in which the boys are taught the art of swimming. A gymnasium has also been established on board, and to afford healthy exercise and relief from the monotony of life on board the ship, a piece of ground, about three acres in extent, was secured near Woodhaven, and laid out as a kitchen garden. The work of cultivation is performed by the boys, and they are not only able to provide an abundant supply of fresh vegetables for the use of the ship, but a large surplus is sent to the market, and sold for the benefit of the funds of the institution. There is a splendid brass band on board, the performers numbering about eighty boys, who are all trained by the *Mars* bandmaster. The ship is under the superintendence of Captain Scott, R.N., who is assisted by a large staff of officers, whose duty it is to instruct the boys in the various branches of education. The ventilation and sanitary arrangements on board the ship are on the most approved principles, and the health of the boys is remarkably good, the sick list seldom exceeding two per cent. As a proof of the inestimable value of such an institution, it may be mentioned that, since it was established, more than 100 boys have been trained on board, and sent out to the world. These boys are now earning an honest living for themselves in all parts of the globe, whereas, but for the training they received, a large proportion of the number would

have gone to swell the ranks of the vagrant and criminal armies.

Moored at a short distance from the shore, the *Mars* has a close and intimate connection with the history of Forgan and Newport. The greater part of the officers have their homes in Newport, while the boys, with their smart "man-of-war" uniforms, are often seen on "liberty" days strolling about the streets of the village. The brass band, too, is ever ready to lend its services at *fêtes* and concerts in Newport. The boys, as a rule, are well behaved, and on several occasions some of them have distinguished themselves by noble acts of heroism in saving lives from drowning. An old woman who fell over Woodhaven pier was gallantly rescued by a *Mars* boy, while similar acts of daring by others belonging to the ship could also be enumerated. Considering that the boys spend their lives afloat, and have to pass to and from the north and south shores of the river in small boats, accidents, as a rule, very rarely occur. A melancholy and fatal accident, however, occurred to a *Mars* boat at Newport Pier on Friday, 30th July, 1875, by which one of the *Mars* boys, named James Giles Gilbody, was drowned.

On the day in question, a number of the members of the Forfar Town Council, including Provost Fyffe and some of the Bailies, paid a visit to the *Mars* to inspect the vessel. After spending an hour or so on board, the party took leave of the Captain and officers and embarked in two of the

ship's boats, intending to return to Newport to dine at the hotel. The boats were rowed by crews of the boys, and the order given by Captain Scott was to steer for Woodhaven. One of the boats, with Provost Fyffe and Bailie Reid and other two of the party on board, altered the course and steered for Newport shortly after leaving the ship. This change, it is said, was in accordance with the wishes of the passengers, one of whom took the tiller and steered the boat in the direction of Newport, in spite of the remonstrances of one of the ship's officers who was on board. A heavy surf was breaking on the sea end of Newport Pier, round which the boat had to steer to reach the east side to land her passengers. Through the unskilful management of the steersman the boat was brought too close to the pier, and in attempting to get round she got amongst the broken water, and was in danger of being drifted ashore. The gentlemen got alarmed at their situation, but the officer took the helm, and commanding all to sit still, he succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in working the boat clear of the surf. But another danger now threatened them. The ferry steamer was at that moment moving off from the east side of the pier, and the crew of the small boat, unconscious of the fact, rounded the pier, and before they were aware found themselves drifting helplessly towards the steamer. At first the boat was not observed by the people on board the steamer, and she there-

fore came on with increasing speed towards the little boat. The lads, alarmed at the danger, exerted their utmost to get the boat out of the steamer's course, but notwithstanding their efforts the tide drifted them under the steamer's sponson. By this time, however, the boat had been observed by those on board the steamer, and the engines were backed just in time to save the small boat from being run down. Ropes were thrown from the steamer to the party in the boat, and, with the aid of the boys, some of the gentlemen were got on board the steamer ; but while Provost Fyffe was being assisted up the steamer's side, the small boat suddenly heeled over to the other side. The poor lad Gilbody lost his balance and fell overboard, and before his shipmates could lend him any assistance he was drawn by the suction under the keel of the steamer. He rose to the surface, but almost immediately sunk to rise no more. Every effort was made to rescue the unfortunate lad, but all was in vain, as no traces of him could be found. James Giles Gilbody, who lost his life in the melancholy manner above described, was a native of Keith, Banffshire. He was about sixteen years of age, and his time on board the *Mars* was almost expired when his career was so suddenly cut short.

The history of the first Tay Bridge—one of the greatest engineering enterprises of modern times—is so well known to our readers that it is scarcely necessary to repeat it here. But as the unfortunate

structure is so closely associated with Newport, our history would not be complete if it did not include some account, however brief, of the far-famed bridge. Constructed for the North British Railway Company to facilitate their traffic, it has, nevertheless, a national interest, while, from its southern extremity, being situated in the parish of Forgan, and its connection with the Newport water supply, it has a very special local interest attached to it. Its history may be thus briefly sketched. A special Company, of which ex-Provost Cox of Dundee was elected Chairman, was formed to erect the bridge for the use of the North British Railway Company. An Act of Parliament was procured, and the works contracted for by Mr. Charles de Bergue, of London and Manchester, and operations were commenced in May, 1871. The place selected for commencing this great undertaking was on the farm of Wormit, at its western extremity.

About a mile west of the "Westwater" pier is a rocky headland jutting out from Wormit Bay. This was one of the loneliest spots on the Fife coast. There was beauty in its solitude, the braes above the face of the cliffs were decked with the primrose, and bristled with the black thorn, bearing its white blossoms in spring and its sloes in autumn. A footpath led along the brink of the cliffs, the path of the salmon fishers and a short cut to the Kirkton of Balmerino. There was the highway also, which was constructed for

the more convenient access to the Tay Ferries, but it was little frequented except by farmers and carriers on market days passing to and from Dundee.

Such was the out-of-the-way locality which, for a time, was the scene of great engineering operations by land and water, and now the thoroughfare of passengers from all parts of the world, Royalty itself having honoured it with a passing visit. Thence the new line of railway, carried to the south, gave an opening into the world at St. Fort Station to the secluded valley of Kilmany and the western parishes; while, eastward, the trains coursing through Newport offered in its two stations a new accommodation for the daily intercourse of its inhabitants with the town of Dundee. Workshops, and "huts" for the workmen, were erected at Wormit Bay, and the first stone was laid on Saturday, 22nd July, 1871. There was but little ceremony, and an absence of any ostentatious display on the occasion. No special invitations were issued, and only a few gentlemen, besides the workmen, were present. Rev. D. Thomson, Forgan, in whose parish this great undertaking was commenced, offered up a brief but fervent prayer for a blessing on the enterprise. The foundation of one of the land piers having been excavated, the first stone was lowered into its place, and a few taps with a hammer given to it by the son of Mr. Patterson, inspector of the works, and the ceremony was completed. From

that time till the completion of the bridge in the fall of 1877 the work was prosecuted vigorously. In 1873 the original contractor died, and after some little delay Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes, & Co., of Manchester, undertook to complete the contract. The bridge was constructed according to plans prepared by the late Sir Thomas Bouch, and the erection of the structure was superintended by Mr. A. Grothe, the resident engineer.

The first Tay Bridge was about two miles in length, and had a maximum height of 88 feet above high water. In mid channel the water has an average depth of 45 feet, and the current runs at the rate of about five knots an hour. The bridge consisted of 85 spans, of the following dimensions—namely, eleven of 245 feet each, two of 227 feet, one of 182 feet, one of 166 feet, thirteen of 145 feet, ten of 120 feet 3 inches, eleven of 129 feet, two of 87 feet, twenty-one of 67 feet 6 inches, three of 67 feet, one of 66 feet 6 inches, and six of 28 feet 11 inches. All these spans were constructed on the open lattice girder principle, with the exception of one of 166 feet at the north end on the bowstring principle. There were besides at the north end one span of 100 feet (bowstring), and three of 29 feet (plate girders). The girders were made of iron, and the total weight of one of the 245 feet girders was about 200 tons. The first twelve piers from the south were built with brick. The others were constructed of iron cylinders, filled with brick-

work and concrete to the height of several feet above high water ; thence they were composed of tiers of great iron columns, fastened together with iron tie-bars. The longest spans were in the centre of the bridge over the navigable part of the river, and the girders were there placed above instead of underneath the "permanent way," as was the case in the other spans. The former were known as the "high girders," and they formed a sort of tunnel in the centre, and were a very conspicuous feature in the structure.

During the erection of the bridge the number of accidents was comparatively few, considering the dangerous nature of the work. Accidents, however, did occur, and several of the workmen lost their lives by drowning. The most melancholy casualty recorded happened on the morning of Tuesday, 26th August, 1873, when six men were drowned by the bursting of a cylinder composing one of the north piers. On the night in question, twelve men were working inside the cylinders sinking them under water. About two o'clock in the morning the iron cylinder burst with a loud report, and the water rushed into the interior of the pier where six of the men were working and drowned them instantaneously. Four men engaged in another division of the cylindrical pier managed to reach the surface in time to save their lives, but their less fortunate companions had no warning, and no chance of escape. An air bell and steam engine which were placed on the top of the pier to supply

air to the men below, and the whole apparatus and a man and a lad in charge were thrown into the water by the force of the explosion. The lad, whose name was William White, a discharged *Mars* boy, swam to one of the boats, and, getting on board, he cut the rope by which it was fastened to the pier, and with the aid of an oar he paddled about in the darkness, and succeeded in rescuing some of his fellow workmen who were struggling for their lives in the water. The cause of this melancholy disaster was never fully understood, but nothing of a similar nature occurred during the six or seven years occupied in building the bridge.

We have had occasion, in previous chapters of this history, to speak of the prevalence of storms of wind on the Firth of Tay. In constructing a viaduct over the river the frequency and destructive power of such storms would of necessity be one of the contingencies to be provided for to secure the permanent stability of the structure ; but, as the sequel proved, this had either been overlooked, or else the power of the wind had been underrated. The winter of 1876-7 was marked by a succession of terrific hurricanes which caused great destruction of life and property along the coasts and all over the country. On the afternoon of Friday, 3rd February, 1877, a fierce gale suddenly sprung up from the west, and as night set in it increased to a perfect hurricane. About 50 men were then employed on the piers and girders in the middle of the Tay Bridge, but so great was the fury of the

tempest that the steamer *Excelsior* was unable to reach the bridge to take them off. For hours the little vessel battled with the storm ; but, though her engines were driven at their utmost speed, she could make no headway against the hurricane. Still Captain White, her gallant commander, was reluctant to give up the attempt to reach the bridge to release the unfortunate men from their perilous position. About eight o'clock in the evening he had managed to steam within a short distance of the bridge, where he found the navigation very dangerous, in consequence of vast quantities of planking and loose timber, which had been blown from the bridge, floating about on the river, and getting entangled with the paddle wheels. The night was pitch dark; and the waves were dashing across the bows of the vessel, and threatening to engulf her. Suddenly all on board were startled by a terrific crashing noise, followed by great flashes of fire, which lighted up the heavens for an instant, and was succeeded by pitchy darkness and a great commotion in the sea, which tossed the little steamer about like a cockle shell.

At first it was supposed that a steamer had blown up, the noise and flashes of fire resembling an explosion, but as no steamer could be in that locality the captain came to the conclusion that part of the bridge had been blown down. His conjectures were but too well founded. The captain found it impossible at that time to reach the bridge, and reluctantly he put about and

returned to Dundee and reported what he had seen. At five o'clock the next morning, the storm having somewhat abated, the steamer reached the bridge, when it was seen that two large girders, 245 feet in length each, had been blown into the river, and the piers on which they had been supported were snapped asunder, and the iron fastenings torn and shrivelled like burnt paper. The workmen had been chiefly employed on the girders that fell, but they abandoned them when the storm came on, and took refuge on the low girders. They saved their lives by this precaution ; but they had to spend the whole of that fearful night clinging to the girders for dear life, and exposed to the full fury of the pitiless storm. They were not rescued till five o'clock in the morning, when they were taken off by the *Excelsior*. The poor fellows were drenched to the skin by the spray, which flew over them incessantly, and when the steamer reached them they were benumbed with cold and fainting from exhaustion and exposure. No lives were lost, but one man, the foreman in charge, got his leg fractured by a piece of iron which fell on him when the girders gave way. Who can conceive the sufferings which that poor man must have endured during the long hours of that terrible night? The girders which fell were the southernmost of the series of high girders which were blown down on 28th December, 1879. It is true that when the first accident occurred the girders had only been raised to their

intended height, and, though resting on the piers, they had not been fastened ; yet we may safely infer that the accident in February was a premonitory warning of the fatal disaster on that memorable Sabbath evening when the first Tay Bridge was destroyed.



*PART XII.*NEWPORT WATER SUPPLY—FALL OF THE
TAY BRIDGE.

WHILE the Tay Bridge Railway promised to be a great boon to Dundee and the public generally, it had a very special interest for the inhabitants of Forgan and Newport. For the first time since the introduction of railways was the district brought into direct connection with the system of communication which covers the country like a net work from "Land's End to John o'Groats." A new line was opened up from the Bridge at Wormit to Leuchars, passing in a south-easterly direction through the parish of Forgan, with a station at St. Fort, while a branch was carried eastward along the high banks of the Tay, passing Newport and joining the North British line at Tayport. East and West Newport were provided with separate stations on this branch, and thus the village and the rural districts of the parish were for the first time placed on the great railway system. A new mode of access to Dundee and the south was thus opened up to the inhabitants of the village, and it also provided them with a route by means of which an abundant supply of

pure water could be provided from the Lintrathen supply introduced into Dundee a few years previously.

The rapid increase in the population of Newport called the attention of the Forgan Parochial Board to the necessity of providing a supply of water for the inhabitants. The wells which had been sunk by the proprietors on their various properties, though providing a supply sufficient for domestic purposes, were nevertheless inadequate to meet the sanitary requirements of a rapidly-growing community. A system of drainage required to be carried out, if the public health was to be preserved, and the water from private wells could not be utilised for flushing purposes. But, what was of far greater importance to the health of the community, the water in many of the private wells was found to be impregnated with impure matter to an extent which rendered it highly dangerous to the health of those who used it. About the year 1875 the Board began to consider the question of a water supply. Two schemes were proposed ; the first was to procure a supply from some source in the immediate vicinity, and the second to get a supply from Dundee *via* the Tay Bridge. It was believed that sufficient water could be collected on the high ground of Wormit and St. Fort to meet the wants of the village, and accordingly Mr. Sang, civil engineer, Kirkcaldy, was instructed to survey the ground and prepare a report, showing how the water could be collected, and what the probable

cost of the works would amount to. Mr. Sang's report was laid before the Board at a meeting in July, 1876, along with a comparative estimate of the cost of bringing the Lintrathen water to Newport. Mr. Sang's plan was to gather water by means of "ditches" at Wormit and St. Fort hills, and which he proposed to store in two reservoirs. The first of these reservoirs was to be placed to the westward of Park Knowe School, and the second to the south of Waterston's Crook, their united capacity being estimated at 35,500,000 gallons. It was calculated that the quantity of water that would be collected daily would be somewhere about 185,000 gallons, which would be amply sufficient to meet the wants of the population. The cost of this scheme was estimated at £25,000. On the other hand, the estimated cost of bringing a supply from Dundee *via* the Tay Bridge was about £7000. After examining both reports, the Board agreed to delay further consideration of either scheme in the meantime. The subject was thus shelved for a time, but it was again forced on the Board, and their movements quickened by a letter from the Board of Supervision, recommending the Local Authority to take some steps to provide a supply of water and a proper system of drainage for the village of Newport. The question could not be shirked any longer, and negotiations were at once entered into with the Dundee Water Commissioners and the North British Railway with the view of carrying out the Tay Bridge scheme. The

scheme was favourably entertained by the Dundee Water Commissioners. A report was prepared on the subject by Mr. J. Watson, engineer to the Dundee Water Commission, which proposed to carry a pipe from the Hawkhill main to the north end of the Tay Bridge, where water would be delivered at the meter rate of 4d. per 1000 gallons, the Forgan Local Authority to lay the pipe over the Tay Bridge and construct all other necessary works. This report, which was laid before the Dundee Board on May, 1877, was not adopted, and Mr. Watson was instructed to prepare another report. The following conditions were ultimately agreed to by both Boards :—1st, That the Dundee Water Commissioners should lay down a six-inch pipe across the river by the Tay Bridge, and erect a reservoir at an elevation of 250 feet on Wormit Hill, all to be their property, the Local Authority of Newport to pay the Commissioners at the rate of $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the cost of the construction of the works from the north end of the Tay Bridge to Wormit, including the service reservoir on Wormit Hill ; 2nd, The Newport Local Authority to pay 6d. per 1000 gallons for the water measured at the Newport outlet of the service reservoir ; 3rd, The Newport Local Authority to lay down and maintain the leading main from the service reservoir, and all other mains, service mains, and other works necessary for the supply of Newport.

We have said that a letter from the Board of Supervision quickened the action of the Forgan

Parochial Board in regard to the water supply, but another circumstance, which we must pause to relate, had also a stimulating influence on the minds of the officials. Singularly enough, the Board, at their meeting on 3rd July, 1876, dismissed the water question for further consideration at some indefinite period in the future, and threw the *onus* on the shoulders of the ratepayers. Towards the end of the same month, on 26th July, a fire occurred in a shop in the village, which, owing to the scarcity of water, could not be extinguished till it had entirely destroyed the building and a large amount of valuable property. The fire originated in the shop of Mr. Dow, painter, which was situated in the centre of a terrace of two-storey buildings on the road leading through the lower part of the village. The ground floors of the range of buildings were occupied as shops, and the upper flats as dwelling-houses ; the block, raised a little above the level of the roadway, formed a very attractive object when viewed from the river. About twelve o'clock noon some inflammable substance got ignited in the painter's shop, and in a few minutes the whole premises were enveloped in flames. A panic seized the inhabitants of the adjoining shops and houses, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. There was no fire-engine in the village, and but a very inadequate supply of water in the neighbourhood of the conflagration. The fire in consequence spread rapidly, and in a short time

it reached the flat above the shop, and at one time threatened to envelop the whole range of buildings in its devouring embrace. Building was at that time going on very extensively in the neighbourhood, and the workmen employed at the various houses in course of erection hastened to the scene of the conflagration and exerted themselves bravely to subdue the flames. But the want of water, and other appliances to cope with the fire, rendered their efforts almost futile. Buckets were procured, and water, obtained from a spring well at the Gas-work opposite, was poured on the burning house. Gangs of men formed themselves in lines from the well to the seat of the fire, and passed the buckets of water along with great celerity; but though they exerted themselves to the utmost, they were unable to check the progress of the fire.

A message was despatched to Dundee, and by one o'clock about twenty men of the Dundee Fire Brigade, under Captain Ramsay, with lengths of hose and a hand pumping engine, arrived with the Ferry steamer. The fire-engine was stationed on the beach, and water from the river was pumped on the burning building, and by four o'clock in the afternoon the fire was completely subdued. The building in which the fire originated was completely destroyed. The flats above Mr. Dow's shop were occupied by Mr. Robert Macgregor, draper, and Mr. Richardson, tailor, and the greater part of their household

effects were utterly destroyed. Mr. Macgregor and his family were from home at the time. The neighbouring shopkeepers and residents also suffered considerable loss owing to their furniture and stock-in-trade having been hastily removed from the houses and shops, and thrown promiscuously on the street. The total amount of damage caused by the conflagration was estimated at £4,000.

Contrary to general expectation, the accident of February, 1876, did not materially retard the completion of the Tay Bridge. The two girders blown down by the force of the gale on that stormy night were fished up from the bed of the river again, and with the advance of spring and summer the works were pushed on with great rapidity. The bridge was completed in the autumn of the following year, and the first train was run across the viaduct on 23rd September, 1877. Six months afterwards the bridge was opened for traffic, the interval having been required for the erection of a station at Dundee, and the completion of the branch lines connecting the bridge line with the North British line at Leuchars, and the Dundee and Arbroath Railway at the Camperdown Dock at the east side of the Harbour of Dundee. The traffic by the Tay Bridge line continued to increase month after month, and the undertaking gave abundant promise of turning out a great financial success. Thousands came from all quarters to see the bridge, which was

acknowledged to be one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill the world had ever witnessed. The Emperor of Brazil, General Grant, ex-President of the United States, and Prince Leopold visited Dundee in the summer of 1877, the object of their visit being solely to see the great bridge. To crown all, Her Majesty Queen Victoria crossed the bridge in the Royal train on her journey south from Balmoral on 20th June, 1879. Shortly after Her Majesty performed this memorable journey she conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Bouch, the engineer, in acknowledgment of his great achievement.

The opening of the Newport Railway, and the completion of the water scheme, were two great events in the history of the village. The first followed close on the opening of the Tay Bridge, and the Lintrathen water was flowing through the village by 11th November, 1879. In little more than a month after this event the water was suddenly and unexpectedly cut off by the fall of the Tay Bridge.

For eighteen months trains were run over the bridge night and day without the occurrence of a single accident, and the confidence of the public in the stability of the structure was fully established. Its capability to bear an enormous weight had been put to the severest test by the Board of Trade Inspector, and the engineers were confident that it was capable of resisting any strain that could be applied to it. Great was the conser-

nation, therefore, which filled all hearts when the proud structure, by a blast of December wind, was hurled into the bed of the river without a moment's warning, involving a railway train and its freight of human beings in its destruction. Sunday, 28th December, 1879, will long be remembered in the annals of Dundee and Newport. All that day the wind blew strongly from the southwest, accompanied with occasional showers of rain. As the day advanced the gale increased in fury, and when night set in it blew a perfect hurricane. The waves in the river were running mountains high, and dashing on the piers and along the shore with a noise like thunder. The Ferry steamers continued to ply as usual, but the passage was only made with great difficulty. The angry waves dashed in tempestuous fury around the piers of the bridge, but proud and majestically it reared its head above the seething waters, and seemed to defy the elements to do their worst. But its hour was come—the Storm Fiend was shrieking on the blast and claiming the proud structure for its prey.

The usual Sunday trains were run across the bridge in spite of the storm, no one ever dreaming for a moment that danger was near at hand. About four o'clock in the afternoon a train from Dundee passed over the bridge, and again at six o'clock another train made the passage in safety. This was the last train that ever crossed that fatal roadway. It was purely a local train, starting from Tayport at 5.50, stopping at East and West

Newport to take up passengers, and reaching Dundee at 6.15. By this train passengers from Newport were enabled to come to Dundee and attend evening service, whence they could return home either by steamer or train as they might select. Though the storm was raging with terrific fury, nothing unusual was experienced by the officials or passengers who travelled by the Newport train. But the hurricane was still increasing in fury. The night was not dark ; the moon at her full was shining bright and clear, only obscured at intervals as the driving clouds shot across her path. The mail train which left Edinburgh at 4.15 p.m. for Dundee passed through Fife taking up passengers at the various stations and junctions along the route, and reached St. Fort about seven o'clock in the evening. After a halt of a few minutes, during which the tickets were collected and some passengers added to the number, the train started on its fatal journey. In a few minutes the bridge was reached. The signalman stationed in the cabin at the south end of the bridge handed the baton to the engine-driver. Some fears were entertained regarding the storm, but none of the officials had power to delay the train, and so the engine and carriages swept past on to the treacherous bridge, and entered among the high girders, and that was the last that was seen of the ill-fated train. A dark cloud obscured the moon ; a wild gust tore down the valley of the Tay ; flashes of fire were seen blazing from the bridge, and suddenly the

lights of the train disappeared. When the "Queen of Night" emerged from behind the storm cloud, the eyes of those who witnessed the occurrence were strained towards the bridge. To their horror and consternation a great gap yawned in the centre of the structure, and the train, a moment before speeding on its way, was now nowhere to be seen. The bridge had fallen, and the engine and a train of six carriages, and between seventy and eighty human beings, had sunk beneath the raging waves.



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not being felt so much, as the Ferry steamers had never ceased to ply.

The Parochial Board of Forgan at once took steps to secure another supply of water, and, after some negotiations, an arrangement was come to with the Dundee Water Commissioners to provide a temporary supply till the Tay Bridge could be re-constructed. A stream of water which flowed into the Tay at Wormit Bay was found to be sufficiently pure in quality and abundant enough to meet the wants of the inhabitants. Accordingly, the Dundee Commissioners undertook to sink a well, and fit up a steam engine and pumping apparatus to force the water to the reservoir on Wormit Hill, previously erected for the supply of the village. This arrangement having been agreed to by all parties, the necessary works were erected, and the new supply was introduced in July, 1880. This arrangement was only of a temporary nature, and terminated when the new Tay Bridge was opened in 1887, when the Lintrathen water was again supplied.

Throughout these pages we have had frequent occasion to refer to the Blyth Hall. This is the only public hall in Newport, and it was gifted to the inhabitants by Mrs. Kerr of Ashbank, now Mrs. Blyth-Martin of Blyth House, East Newport. In 1875, Mrs. Kerr placed a sum of money, amounting to about £4,000, in the hands of trustees, for the purpose of erecting a public hall in the village in memory of her

brothers, Henry, Thomas, and Charles Blyth. The Blyths were a well-known Dundee family. Several of the members of the family were gifted with poetic and musical talents of no mean order. The eldest, David Blyth, was a sailor and a poet. After his death, his works were collected and published in a neat volume, under the title of the "The Pirate Ship," and other poems. The volume was edited by Mr. W. Y. Blyth-Martin, Blyth House, Newport; and appended to the volume were a number of poetical pieces by other members of the family. All the members of the family are now dead, with the exception of the youngest daughter, Isabella (Mrs. Martin), whose pen has also contributed to the poetical selections in the volume referred to. A brief sketch of the Blyth Family is given in Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," with selections from their writings. The following piece is from I. B. (Mrs. Martin), and since Newport owes so much to that generous lady we may be pardoned for quoting it here:—

A FLIGHT.

O, for a spark of true poetic fire
To nerve my heart, to tune the sounding lyre ;
Both far and wide, both over land and sea
I would thy praises sing, sweet poesy.

Grant but one feather from thy waving wing,
And o'er my head thy passing shadow fling,
Inspire my pen to clothe my thoughts in verse—
Thoughts free to roam throughout the universe.

And now on Fancy's wings I swift am borne
To where the night parts with the rosy morn ;
Behold the ocean paved with living gold,
And ships and isles in gorgeous mantle rolled.

Nature, thou glorious art, in every land,
Whether in desert bare or forest grand,
Or mighty rivers as they onward roll,
Or towering icebergs near the dreary Pole ;

Thy voice is eloquent in trees and flowers,
The sunbeam is thy smile, thy tears the showers,
Thy dew is wealth, like adverse fate thy cloud,
Spring is thy birthtime, winter is thy shroud.

Mrs. Martin's three brothers, Charles, Thomas, and Henry, all died within a period of two years, the last of the three in 1875. To perpetuate their memory, their affectionate sister resolved to confer a boon on the people of Newport, and at the same time to erect a monument worthy of their name. The trustees appointed under the deed of gift were Messrs. William Robertson, Balmore, West Newport, then Provost of Dundee; Harry Walker, Westwood, West Newport; W. Kerr, since deceased; John Leng, Kinbrae, West Newport; A. Scott, Ashbank, East Newport; A. Fairweather, Seabank, East Newport; Dr. Stewart; and the Chief Magistrate, when such a functionary is appointed for the village. The hall, which was designed by Mr. Johnstone, architect, occupies a commanding site on Kilburn Place, with the Independent Church on the west, and St. Thomas's Established Church on the east. Externally it has a handsome appearance. The interior is a spacious hall, fitted up with a gallery at the north end, and a large platform at the south end. The large hall is capable of accommodating about 600 persons, while there is a comfortable small hall attached, with

anterooms and other conveniences. The building which cost about £4000, was formally opened on Saturday, May 19th, 1877, Provost Robertson presiding on the occasion. The hall has proved a great boon to the inhabitants, as it affords them a commodious place for lectures, concerts, and public entertainments, a want which was greatly felt in the village. A drinking fountain, the gift of the same generous lady, has been erected on the "Braes" by the side of the Tayport road.

Amongst the other public institutions in Newport are the Horticultural Society, which holds its annual Show in July or August; a Literary and a Musical Society, which hold their meetings in the Blyth Hall during the winter months. In addition to the Bowling and Curling Clubs, there is an active Rowing Club which has long been in existence, and a few years ago the youths of the village instituted a Swimming Club. The annual Regatta of the Newport Rowing Club attracts thousands to the village to witness the races. The racecourse is from a point opposite Seacraig Rock to buoys moored to the west of the Ferry piers. The braes to the east of Seacraig afford an excellent view of the whole course, from the starting barge to the turning buoys, and on such occasions every available spot on the grassy slopes is taken possession of by the spectators. The "Braes" belong to the estate of Tayfield, but the proprietors have for years generously granted the inhabitants the privilege of using them as a public recreation

ground. Negotiations were opened with the view of getting this privilege converted into a perpetual right, and, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Berry, the matter has been satisfactorily settled.

Newport is the place of meeting for the Forgan Parochial and Sanitary Board, and also for the Forgan School Board. This last, like the other School Boards in the kingdom, has now completed fifteen years of its existence, under the Education (Scotland) Act of 1872. The schools under its jurisdiction are Forgan (formerly Parish) School, and Newport (formerly Free Church) School; both now being named Public Schools. The most notable work of the Forgan School Board has been the erection of the handsome new School for Newport at a cost of above £4,000, which has provided a much needed increase of accommodation for the children of the village. The Forgan and Newport schools are both in excellent order under their able and successful teachers, Mr. Scott and Mr. Fergusson. There are also private schools in Newport, under good lady teachers, for girls and very young children. A local centre has also been established at Newport for the St. Andrew's University examinations for the benefit of pupils from all the schools in this district of the north of Fife, which, has proved a great stimulus to the higher education.

The census returns for 1881 give the population of the parish of Forgan as follows:—Newport (East and West), 2311; landward, 601; *Mars*

Training Ship (included in the parish), 395—total, 3307. In 1861 the population of Newport was 728. In 1871 it was returned at 1487, showing an increase of 1593 in Newport alone within the last twenty years.

In the year 1887, Newport was constituted a burgh under the Lindsay Police Act. Its affairs are now managed by a Police Commission. Mr. Alexander Scott, banker, was elected the first Chief Magistrate.

We have brought the history of Forgan and Newport down to the present time, and it only remains to add a few general remarks to bring our labours to a close. There are few places of historical interest within the parish to attract the antiquarian and the archæologist, but the lovers of nature will find much that is interesting and admirable. The coast is bold and percipitous, the country is interspersed with hill and dale, woodland glades, and romantic dells. At every point charming landscapes open up to view, while some of the scenes are striking and magnificent. What can equal the prospect that can be obtained from the hills overlooking the Tay? The broad gleaming river spreading out like a vast lake, with its border of towering hills on either shore, stretching to the west till it is lost amongst the hills, and eastward till its waters mingle with the broad expanse of the German Ocean. Inland, the eye roams over an undulating country, wooded hills, and richly cultivated valleys. Well kept roads traverse the

parish in all directions. A turnpike road runs along the coast from Tayport, passing through Newport, and leading west as far as Newburgh. The traveller along this road can enjoy an uninterrupted view of the river. At some points along the route, the shore presents all the features of a wild and romantic sea coast. At Wormit Bay, where the Tay Bridge leaves the Fife shore, the cliffs rise to a height of sixty or seventy feet from the water's edge.

The chief places of interest in the immediate neighbourhood are Balmerino, where are the remains of an old abbey ; Kilmany, with its quaint old church, where the eloquent voice of Dr. Chalmers was first heard in the early days of his ministry. To either of these places there are excellent roads. The old Parish Kirk and Kirk-yard of Forgan, with the clump of yew trees, which we have noticed elsewhere, is situated in the south-east of the parish, and about three miles distant from Newport pier. The route is by the Cupar road for about two miles, and thence by the old Tayport road which branches off to the eastward. St. Fort and Scotsraig are also well worth seeing ; but it will be necessary for the visitor to obtain permission from the proprietors.

The salubrity of Newport has made it very popular as a permanent residence, and its population is increasing year by year. To those in search of a quiet summer residence it also offers great attractions. It is pleasantly situated in the vicinity

of a large manufacturing and commercial city, and it combines the double advantage of a rural retreat and a seaside watering place. The Ferry steamers ply between the village and Dundee almost every half hour during week days, while on Sundays the sailings are adapted to the hours of Divine service in Dundee. It has, besides, daily railway communication to the south and north, and regular postal and telegraph services. The post-office is conveniently situated near the pier. There are two large spacious hotels, while private lodgings can be obtained without much difficulty. Shops of all descriptions abound in the village, there is a good supply of water, and now that the streets have been properly paved and drained by the Police Commissioners, Newport, as a residence, leaves nothing to be desired.



RAMBLES AROUND NEWPORT.

TAYPORT AND SCOTSCRAIG.

FROM Newport to Tayport is but a walk of between two and three miles, and can be accomplished by an ordinary pedestrian in less than an hour. Many of my readers have doubtless often travelled the road, as it is a favourite exercise with Dundonians to cross the one ferry and return by the other for an afternoon ramble. The road is good, and from its elevation you obtain an uninterrupted view of the river all the way, and though the scenery is neither bold nor striking, there is a peculiar charm about the river which never palls on the senses, and though seen a thousand times o'er it appears ever fresh and ever new. Public roads, however, are hard and bare at the best; there is too much of the work-a-day business matter-of-fact about them as a rule to please the taste of a "Rambler" in search of the beauties of nature. When out for a stroll we love to choose some by-path—some lonely, unfrequented track, over a bleak moor it may be, through a shady wood, or by the lone seashore, where you can muse alone, or hold

uninterrupted converse with a friend amidst the solitudes of nature. Not much of that between Tayport and Newport, you say! Yes, even on that much-frequented route a solitary ramble can be enjoyed. Pass eastward along the coast road, and at Craighead you will find a footpath which descends the braes to the beach, and skirts the shore all the way to Tayport. For some distance beyond Newport the shore is bold and rocky, and its upper ledges covered with trees and shrubs; then the land shelves gradually upward from the water's edge, leaving only a small margin of grassy bank between the cultivated fields and the shingly beach; and even this in some parts has been washed away by the action of the tides. By this path you can enjoy all the charms of a seaside ramble. The waters of the firth, fretting and murmuring on the pebbly strand, on which heaps of dry and withered seaweed, cast ashore and left high and dry by the receding tide, are decaying in the sun, and sending forth a "briny odour," mingled with the fresh sea breeze, make you feel as if you were treading the shores of the "vasty deep." Here the salmon fisher plies his craft; his solitary hut standing close to the beach, his coble lying close by, and his nets drying on the fence are the only signs of human life on the lonely shore.

As you approach Tayport the level beach gives way to broken and jagged rocks, you pass the

first of the Tay lighthouses erected close to the shore, the path ascends the braes again, and you find yourself in the narrow lanes of the quaint and old-fashioned seaport. The place and its general outlines are familiar to thousands who, in the hurry of railway travelling, cross the Tay and land on its pier, only to be whirled southwards on the great iron track, in their eager pursuit of business or pleasure. Few, however, think of spending an hour to visit the quaint little town that looks so picturesque on the hill-side, or to inquire into its history, or the habits and pursuits of its inhabitants. Viewed from the river, it has rather a striking appearance; and occupying a commanding situation on the face of a bluff promontory, it forms a conspicuous landmark to mariners entering the Tay. Many a home-sick sailor, returning to his native shores after an absence of years spent in battling with storms and hardships in foreign lands, has felt, if he has not expressed, the sentiments of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," as he neared the land after his weird and fearful voyage—

"Oh, dream of joy, is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this my ain countrie?"

Tayport is in every respect a seaport and manufacturing town, and has a population of about 3,000. It covers a large area on the face of a steep hill, but the streets are narrow

and the houses small and old-fashioned, chiefly one storey in height, and many of them roofed with tiles. In the upper parts of the town there are a good number of self-contained houses with slated roofs, but none of them have much pretension to architectural display. The main street extends from the shore, where the railway station is situated, and winds over the eastern shoulder of the hill. It is about half a mile in length, and has a few good shops scattered about its centre. Streets and lanes diverge from it on either side, and where it emerges on the flat tableland beyond the village it branches off in two directions, west to Newport and south to St. Michael's, and at the latter place it forms a junction with the roads leading to Cupar and St. Andrews. There is a pretty extensive shipping trade, and the small harbour is generally well filled with vessels of moderate tonnage, loading or discharging cargoes. Coal, brought by the railway from the coalfields in the south-west of the county, is exported largely from this port to the Baltic and other parts of the world, while in the course of the year a considerable number of vessels arrive with cargoes of Esparto grass for the neighbouring paper mills at Guardbridge; and others with cargoes of wood, which are imported by Mr. Donaldson, timber merchant, Tayport. The harbour is small, but it affords a safe mooring for vessels drawing as much as sixteen feet of water at ordinary tides. Before the Tay Bridge

was erected, the whole of the mineral and goods traffic of the North British Railway was carried over the Tay at this ferry. The steamers employed in this traffic were specially constructed for the purpose. Their decks were laid with lines of rails, and they had no bulwarks at either stem or stern. When loading or discharging, the vessels were connected with the rails on a jetty erected for the purpose at the south-east corner of the harbour, and the waggons were run on board or drawn ashore by means of a wire rope and stationary engine. This system of ferrying trains of loaded waggons across the river has now been abandoned. The jetty has been removed, and its place is marked by an unsightly gap. For some time past the trade of the port has been on the increase, and the quayage accommodation is at times inadequate; while the erection of a goods shed is almost an absolute necessity.

A considerable number of the population are engaged in seafaring pursuits. The youth take to the water like ducks, and large numbers of the natives of Tayport have turned out first-class sailors, while most of them have risen to good positions both in the Royal and mercantile navies. Fishing is carried on to some extent, and mussel dredging is actively prosecuted, a large number of men and boys, and a fleet of over 40 boats, being employed in this branch of marine industry. At one time there was a small shipbuilding yard here, but it has

long been silent and deserted, that branch of trade having centred itself in the large seaports of the kingdom. Jute, however, has found its way across from Dundee, and jute spinning and weaving now form the staple industry of the place—the works of the Tayport Spinning Company employing upwards of 300 hands; that of Mr. Young employing over 70; and Messrs. Scott & Fyfe, upwards of 80. There is also a bobbin factory, employing about 40 hands, conducted by Mr. James Stiven; a small foundry, conducted by the Messrs. Ferguson; a large steam sawmill, conducted by Messrs. Donaldson & Sons; and an engineering and machine establishment, conducted by Mr. Scott, which has lately been largely extended. The factories and public works are built on the low-lying ground which stretches from the harbour to the mouth of the Tay. Not many years ago that extensive flat, now the seat of busy industry, was a marshy swamp.

The social institutions of the place are numerous, including an Artillery Volunteer Corps, a Curling Club, a flourishing Horticultural Society, and Forester and Good Templar Lodges, the latter order possessing a spacious hall, which is often used for public meetings and entertainments. A branch of the North of Scotland Bank has, since the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, been established in the town. Before the passing of the Education Act there were two schools—the parish and the subscription schools. These have

been combined in one under the School Board. The new public school erected by the Board is a handsome building, and cost £3,000. There is a private seminary for young ladies. A private girls' school, admirably conducted by Mrs. M'Laren, and a Young Men's Christian Association, may also be included in the list of educational agencies. Besides the Parish Church, there is a Free Church and a U.P. Church, a Baptist meeting-house, and lately the Salvation Army has been beating up for recruits, and disturbing the peaceful slumbers of the easy-going folks by parading the streets singing hymns and shouting hallelujahs at an early hour on Sunday mornings.

The inhabitants have a right of grazing and bleaching on ground lying along the coast on the east and west of the village, which is called the East and West Commonies. A portion of this ground was acquired by the Railway Companies, for which they paid a sum of money, which was lodged in bank. The interest of this money is applied to meet the expenses of the street lamps, and the fund is managed by a committee annually appointed for that purpose. Besides the Templars' Hall, the Masons' Hall, in Broad Street, which is capable of accommodating about one hundred persons, is also used for public entertainments. There are two hotels in the town, the Scotsraig and the Free Masons' Arms. In connection with the formation of the Volunteers, there is a good story told, which showed

that the "schoolmaster" had been "abroad" in those times. When the movement reached Tayport, a public meeting was held to consider the propriety of forming a Volunteer Corps. One of the gentlemen present said to the Chairman—"If I join the *corpse* would I have to go abroad if war broke out?" The beadle, who was a bit of a wit, pawkily made answer, "Na, na, Mr. R—, when ye're a *corpse* ye'll come my way."

Such, briefly, is Tayport at the present day. What about its historical associations? How old is it? What was its origin? and, what great events have transpired around it in bygone ages? These are questions which the antiquarian and the student of history will naturally ask, but he will find little on record to gratify his curiosity. It is a place of great antiquity, and owed its origin as a community to the Ferry, which is believed to be one of the oldest in Scotland. It was early known by the names of "Port-on-the-Tay," "Port-on-the-Craig," or "Ferry-Port-on-Craig," the latter name being still applied to the parish. From a very early period in the history of Scotland a system of communication between this place and Broughty, on the north shore, was established on the Tay, and the port is sometimes termed the South Ferry, to distinguish it from Broughty on the north. Tradition says that at one time it bore the appellation of "The Ferry of the Loaf." The story runs that Macduff, the Thane of Fife, when flying from Macbeth's castle, came to the

ferry and found that he had no money to pay the boatman, and he had to satisfy his demands by giving him a loaf which he had brought with him to sustain him on his journey.

In 1474, in the reign of James II., Parliament ordained that the fares on the passage at the "Port-on-the-Craig" should be "one penny for ane man, and one penny for his horse."

A tragic incident in connection with the ferry occurred in the days of the Covenanting persecutions. On the 22nd of May, 1685, a batch of Covenanters, on their way to prison in Dunnottar Castle, under the escort of a detachment of the Fife Militia, arrived at Ferryport on their march to the north, but the tide being low, the passage of the prisoners—nearly two hundred in all—had to be deferred till the next morning.

A more degrading spectacle was never witnessed in Scotland than this procession of the victims of kingcraft and priestcraft. Old men and women, many of them barefooted and bareheaded, dragged their weary limbs along, the brutal soldiers goading them with their pikes, and insulting them with oaths and coarse jests. On the march the soldiers picked up a wandering piper and forced him into their service, and compelled him to play tunes hateful to the ears of the Covenanters to aggravate their miseries. They marched from Burntisland through Fife. One old man died at Freuchie, where they halted for the first night, and in the morning another was left

behind in a dying state. At Ferryport, as at Freuchie, they were billeted upon the inhabitants, who were held responsible for their safe keeping. During the night a young man, whose father was also one of the prisoners, attempted to escape, but he was observed, and shot amongst the rocks by one of the sentries. The brutal soldiers cut off his head, and with great barbarity they conveyed it to his father, and presented him with the bloody head, mocking him with cruel and coarse jokes. Such is but one of the many instances of the cruelty and oppression enacted in those dark and bloody years.

“The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland’s blood—cost Scotland’s tears ;
But it sealed Freedom’s sacred cause—
If thou’rt a slave, indulge your sneers !”

There was once a castle or tower at Tayport, but history is silent regarding its owners. It is long since it disappeared, but it was probably a sort of national fort erected for the defence of the river, as a companion and support to Broughty Castle on the opposite shore.

An antiquarian friend, well acquainted with the history of the district, informed the writer that what was called the “Castle” was in reality a Pictish erection. Its date being pre-historic renders it the more interesting. Not only was this so-called castle the only one of its kind south of the Tay, but possibly the most perfect specimen to be found in Britain. Unfortunately this unique object

of antiquarian interest was ruthlessly demolished for the mercenary purpose of supplying stones for a new building. It must ever remain a source of deep regret that such an ancient construction should have been sacrificed for such a mean and contemptible object. The erection being of that character called the "vitrified," the spoliators made nothing of their scheme, as no stones were found in it sufficiently large to suit their purpose. Had the erection been allowed to stand, it would, in this enlightened age, have had tenfold interest, and would have been saved by Act of Parliament. It, however, will ever remain a matter of regret that Tayport has lost almost its only relic of antiquity through such despicable means. Castle Cottage is now built on the site. There is a subterranean passage to the rocks from the ruins, which has been partially explored, but, owing to the foul air, the parties had to return without completing their researches.

One of the most interesting relics of antiquity is Waterloo House, the residence of Miss Rattray, which is situated at the west of the town, the building yard forming part of the property. This property has been held by Miss Rattray's ancestors for upwards of two hundred years. It was originally granted to them by James I. of England and VI. of Scotland on condition that a certain number of vassals were sent to keep watch and ward in the Castle of St. Andrews. One of the Rattray family, we believe, granted

the ground which is now occupied by the church and churchyard. Waterloo House is a modern structure, erected in 1815, and so named in commemoration of the victory over the French, and the downfall of Napoleon. It is two storeys in height, and very plain. The Cross of Tayport stood in Tay Street, and the old cross has now been built into the front of a house lately erected in Tay Street.

The Parish Church is situated on the eastern face of the hill, in the centre of the old burying-ground, from which a fine view of the mouth of the Tay and the German Ocean can be obtained. The church is a modern building, having been erected about the beginning of the present century, on the site of a more primeval structure which was covered by a straw-thatched roof. With the exception of a short, square tower on the north side, there is nothing remarkable about the architecture of the building, either externally or internally. It is simply a square, plain house, tolerably commodious inside, and it has lately undergone some much-needed repairs. In the vestry there is a massive arm chair, on which there is a silver plate, with an inscription setting forth that it was presented, in 1864, to the Parish Church of Ferryport by the late Dr. Low, a medical practitioner in the town. Underneath the body of the church is the family vault of the proprietors of Scotsraig, and the family pew is in the front of the gallery. It is seated with

old-fashioned chairs, in the style of the last century.

In former times, it was not unusual to see old women of the humbler classes sitting close to the pulpit, either on the steps or on creepie stools provided by themselves. About thirty years ago, a half-witted body, named Maggie Garrie, used to sit like another Jenny Geddes on a creepie stool at the foot of the pulpit in Tayport parish kirk. Maggie was a well-known character. She attended the kirk regularly, and was very zealous in her observance of the demeanour of the congregation during the service. On one occasion she observed a tiller of the ground with his head on the book-board, fast asleep. She cried out in a solemn, warning voice, "Awake, thou sleeper, there's no sleeping in hell." The poor over-worked ploughman, however, slept on, when Maggie, losing all patience, seized her Bible and threw it at his head, crying, "If you will not hear the word o' God, I'll mak' you find it." Maggie had perhaps more wisdom than her neighbours gave her credit for. Passing along the street one day she overheard a compassionate sister calling her a "puir creature." Maggie turned round on the instant and replied sharply, "There's nane puir but them that God hates."

Looking around the churchyard, we found many curious tombstones. Several were nearly two hundred years old, while one or two dated from the beginning of the last century. In art and literature alike, these old stones were rude and

primitive. Carvings of skulls and crossbones were not so frequent as we have seen in other graveyards. It would seem that the former inhabitants of Tayport had been a practical people, for they had chosen to adorn the tombstones of their departed friends with sculptured emblems of the crafts and professions they followed in their lifetime. Some of the inscriptions were very quaint. Here is a literal copy of one which, in view of the divorce cases that are continually coming before our Law Courts, is very suggestive of the haven of domestic bliss enjoyed by our forefathers two hundred years ago :—

"Heare lyis ane godly honest man, callit Thomas Imrie, svmtym in Scotsraig, who lived pacible in the holy band of matrimonie with his wife, callit Margret Fender, yea space of 45 zeirs, and in their lyftym having begotten betwixt them 14 children. He deceaset the 15 of April, 1642, being of age 75 zeirs." The rest of the inscription records the decease of said Margaret Fender, "his spouse;" and also that of John Imrie, who died in 1716, at the good old age of eighty-two years; but some of this portion is not so legible as the other. The John Imrie was probably a son of the worthy couple, and, as the tombstone is dated 1716, it had evidently been erected after his death.

A little to the west of this stone are two very old sculptured slabs, the dates of which was either obliterated or illegible. The most entire of the two

is firmly embedded in the ground, while the other lies loose on the surface. They are carved in bas-relief, with an armorial shield in the centre, on which is shown a lion rampant, surrounded with stars and harps. The shield, or coat of arms, is surmounted with skull and crossbones, having the initials "J.B." on each side, and underneath are the letters "A.M."

In the course of further researches amongst these memorials of the past, we discovered many curious inscriptions, but space will only permit us to mention other two, in which the mourners had called in the aid of the Muses to give expression to their grief. Mrs. Agnes Swenton, mourning the loss of her husband, William Dow, merchant in Ferryport, thus causes her departed "lord" to express his dying declaration in the following rhymes :—

See mortals all I bid adieu
To earthly things, so soon must you
To all below must bid farewell,
And in the silent grave to dwell.

In sweet repose now here I sleep,
Waiting the call my Christ to meet ;
The grave my body must restore,
Then shall arise to die no more.

Frail mortal man, this life is short.
Remember that soon die you must ;
Prepare for death, no more delay,
For days and years fly swift away.

Another stone, erected to the memory of a young man, has the following consolatory lines :—

To parents dear, weep not for me,
I was resigned to die;
Keep a loose hold of all on earth,
Be as resigned as I.

Matured for Heaven, he took the shortest road,
Leapt o'er old age, and shunn'd a dull abode.

A small portion of the graveyard on the north side of the church is set apart for the burial of strangers. These are by no means few, as the hungry sea now and then disgorges some of its prey, and casts them on the shore to find a burial place. The Tay is rather dangerous to navigators, and many a good ship has been wrecked on its treacherous sandbanks. It not unfrequently happens that the parish of Tayport, which lies nearest to the mouth of Tay, gets some of these unfortunates to bury in the "Strangers' Ground." One of the most disastrous calamities which has occurred at the mouth of the Tay in recent times was the wreck of the *Dalhousie*.

It was on the night of Friday, 25th November, 1864, that the s.s. *Dalhousie* foundered on the banks of Tay, and every soul on board perished. The *Dalhousie* was a first-class vessel, and was engaged in trading between Dundee and Newcastle, carrying general cargo and passengers. She was commanded by Capt. Henry K. Glenny, an officer of great experience and skill, and was manned by a crew of thirteen, all told, and had fifteen passengers on board. She sailed from Newcastle on the forenoon of Friday, 25th November, on

her return passage to Dundee, where she was expected to arrive early on the following morning. On the passage she encountered heavy weather, and about midnight, after she had entered the Firth of Tay, she was overwhelmed with the terrible seas raging on the coast, and sunk with all on board on the South Cruvie Bank. No human eye saw the gallant vessel sink beneath the waves, and the cause of the disaster could only be conjectured. It was supposed that a heavy sea had swept across her decks and extinguished her fires, and that the captain had set the fore and main sails to endeavour to run the vessel ashore, when another tremendous sea swept over her and sunk her almost instantaneously. The first intimation of the disaster was brought to Dundee by Captain Rattray of the steamship *London*. While entering the river that night, Captain Rattray's attention was attracted by a rocket, followed by blue lights, which appeared to have been shewn as signals of distress by some vessel on Abertay Sands. The heavy sea running, and the danger to which his own vessel was exposed, prevented him from attempting to render any assistance to the distressed vessel. Immediately on reaching the harbour, Captain Rattray informed the Harbourmaster, Captain Jack, who without delay informed Captains Soutar and Edwards, of the steam-tugs *Samson* and *Hercules*, that a vessel had been wrecked on the Abertay Sands. Both vessels got up steam with the utmost despatch.

The *Hercules* left the Harbour first, and calling at Broughty Ferry, found a number of fishermen on the beach, and a number of the brave fellows volunteered to man the *Mary Hartley* life-boat to assist in rescuing the crew of the ill-fated vessel. The *Hercules*, with the life-boat in tow, was joined by the *Samson*, and both vessels proceeded down the river as far as No. 2 Buoy, but the sea being so heavy, it was considered advisable not to proceed farther, as no sign could be seen of any vessel on the banks.

On Saturday forenoon, the fears that the *Dalhousie* had gone down in the gale of the previous night were fully realised, and the terrible nature of the catastrophe sent a thrill to every heart. In the morning of that day, Mr. Turnbull of Tayport rode over to the farm of Kinshaldy on business, and on his return by the coast on horseback, he was informed that a boat and two dead bodies had been washed ashore. Mr. Turnbull at once proceeded to the spot, and saw a ship's boat lying in the shallow water, and though the craft was considerably damaged, the name Henry K. Glenny was still legible on the stern. The two bodies were found in the same locality, and were identified as those of Captain Glenny and the boatswain of the *Dalhousie*. The corpses of the unfortunate men were conveyed in a cart to Tayport, the first-fruits of the harvest of death that was for weeks afterwards gathered on the beach between the Tay and St. Andrews.

These were harrowing times for the inhabitants of Tayport. Day after day the dead bodies of the victims were washed ashore all along the beach, and were brought to Tayport, where they were shrouded and coffined. Heartrending scenes were witnessed as the friends of the deceased gathered in the dead-house in the churchyard to identify the bodies. One poor Irishman, named Fermoy, whose friends were at too great distance to claim his corpse, was buried in the "Strangers' Ground" in the Tayport Churchyard. His was a sad story. He left a wife and family in Ireland and came to England in search of employment, and not being successful, he took a passage in the *Dalhousie*, expecting to find work in Dundee. Alas, he found a watery grave on the treacherous banks of the Tay.

When the weather moderated an examination of the wreck was made by the authorities and officials of the Company, when it was found that the ill-fated vessel had sunk without sustaining any material damage. Her masts were partly above water, and her hull was submerged in comparatively shallow water, and was resting on an even keel. There being no immediate prospect of the wreck breaking up, and as many of the bodies of the unfortunate passengers were believed to be entombed in the cabins, it was resolved to employ a diver to descend to the sunken wreck to make an effort to recover the bodies. Accordingly the services of Mr. David Watson of Tayport, an

experienced diver in the employ of the North British Railway Co., were secured for this purpose. When the weather permitted, Mr. Watson was conveyed to the wreck by the *Rob Roy* steam tug, and, after two days' laborious and hazardous work, in which he explored the deck and cabins of the sunken vessel, he succeeded in recovering the bodies of two ladies and several children whom he found in the main cabin. One of the unfortunate lady passengers was Mrs. Copperthwaite, wife of the owner of the *Rob Roy* steam tug, who resided in Tayport. The remains of Mrs. Copperthwaite and that of her son, a boy of about four or five years of age, who was with his mother, were interred in the churchyard of Tayport, but the others were claimed by their friends and removed to other places for burial. The total number lost on board the *Dalhousie* was thirty-four, including crew and passengers. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed and gone since then, but the event will long be remembered as one of the direst calamities in the annals of Tayport.

About forty years ago a very disgraceful scene was enacted in the neighbourhood of Tayport on the occasion of the wreck of a ship laden with wine. The vessel got aground on the banks on a Friday night, and on the following Sunday she began to break up, and her cargo to drift ashore. The news that casks of wine were lying strewed along the beach spread through the village, and the people, instead of going to church, hurried off

to the scene of the wreck, some in boats and others on foot, all eager to secure a share of the booty. The story goes that many of the "wreckers" got beastly drunk on the wine, and some of them quarrelled and fought over it. One old woman, overcome with her potations, lay down on the sand and fell asleep. By and by the tide rose, and the water began to play around her mouth. The wretched inebriate, in a semi-conscious state, imagining that some of her companions were offering her more drink, cried out in a half inarticulate voice, "No more, I thank ye ; no more, I thank ye." Another of the topers had come on horseback, and having drunk his fill, he mounted his horse and started for home. He had not gone far, however, before he slipped off the horse's back, and the animal relieved found its way home by itself. Some time later the jolly farmer was discovered sitting astride the saddle on the ground, and shouting lustily, "Gee up, min ; gee up." A local poet described the ludicrous incidents connected with this event in a ballad. The following fragment, which was recited to the author by an old lady in the town, is all that we have been able to secure of it :—

(*Air—“ Whistle o'er the lave o't.”*)

On Friday night, when it was late,
A stately vessel lost her gate,
And on the Banks her ribs did beat
Till she lost all her wine kegs.

The boats put out from many a place,
And then commenced the gallant chase ;

With vigour they their nerves did brace
To tow ashore the wine kegs.

On "Lucky" there was wine for nought ;
They say there was a battle fought—
They put the wounded in a boat—
Fra' the battle o' the wine kegs.

The church bells rang, but few did meet,
And there was many an empty seat ;
The people ran with nimble feet
In hurry for the wine kegs.

The parish pastor now, you see,
Had left his flock to roam a wee,
To cheer the saints aboot Dundee,
Ne'er dreamin' o' the wine kegs !



SCOTSCRAIG.

AFTER spending a few hours very pleasantly in Tayport, we set off to visit Scotscraig, which we had arranged to take on our way back to Newport. The mansion and grounds are pleasantly situated on the southern slopes of the high grounds to the south-west of the village. The place is a favourite resort of excursion parties from Dundee and the surrounding country, who, by the kindness and courtesy of the proprietor, Admiral Maitland-Dougall, and his estimable lady, are permitted to visit it in the summer season. Almost every week, especially on Saturdays, during the summer months, Sunday Schools, Good Templar Lodges, and similarly-organised pleasure parties, visit the mansion-house and grounds, where they are warmly welcomed by the generous-hearted proprietor, and are allowed to wander about the policies, and amuse themselves on the grassy lawns. On the particular afternoon when we visited the place, there were four or five different parties of Sunday School children enjoying themselves in the grounds, as children only can enjoy the pleasures of a day's "outing" in the green fields and shady woods. Private parties are also admitted, permission, of course, having to be

obtained from the proper quarter, the only restriction being a guarantee of the respectability of the applicant.

We entered the grounds by the east gate. On reaching the crest of the hill beyond Tayport, pause for a minute and survey the beautiful coast scenery. The hill descends gradually to a great flat meadow, which spreads away like a vast carpet of green to the south, where its general features are lost in the distance, and to the east, where the green merges into the blue immensity of the German Ocean. This vast tract, known as Tents Moor, was at some remote period covered by the sea ; its soil is light and sandy, and water can be obtained all over its surface at the depth of about two feet. In early historical times it was a favourite hunting ground of the Scottish kings, and a royal hunting lodge once stood on its margin in the neighbourhood of Leuchars. At a later period the Moor was a monster rabbit warren. In the last century it was occupied by a race of crofters, who had squatted down on it and built themselves wretched turf huts, and lived ostensibly by cultivating small patches of the sandy soil ; but in reality they were neither more nor less than a community of inveterate smugglers. These squatters and their huts have now been cleared away, and the ground they occupied has been converted into farms. Large tracts still lie in moorland, where broom and heather grow luxuriantly. Many curious relics

of the primitive races that inhabited Scotland have been picked up on this vast Moor, such as "arrow heads" and fragments of ancient pottery, some of the relics belonging to what antiquarians call the "stone period." The greater part of the northern division of the Moor is included in the Scotsraig estate. The Admiral has lately introduced grouse on the Moor, with complete success. These birds thrive admirably amongst the heather, and all that they seem to want is a supply of fresh water, which has to be provided for them in the dry seasons. By this means the gallant Admiral can enjoy grouse shooting on his own estate.

In the course of our rambles around Newport we come on the footprints, as it were, of some of the chief actors in the tragedy of Magus Moor. The district is intimately associated with that great event and those which led up to and flowed from it; and here, at Scotsraig, we are brought into direct contact with the private life of the famous Archbishop himself. Scotsraig was Archbishop Sharpe's private estate, his country residence, where he retired to enjoy rest from the cares and toils of official life.

In Tayport we were shown a panel of an old oak cabinet which had been elaborately carved with fantastic designs, and which was supposed to have once belonged to Archbishop Sharpe, probably a portion of his private cabinet. Of course, the original use of the old panel was quite a

matter of conjecture, but its antique appearance, and the elaborate carving with which it had been ornamented, were sufficient to make it worthy of preservation. It belonged to the late Dr. Blair, and he had put it into the hands of Mr. Berry, joiner, to repair and restore the original as much as possible. Relics of the Archbishop are still to be met with in and around the house and grounds of Scotsraig, and no one, in whatever light he may view Sharpe's character as an ecclesiastic and a politician, can look on these silent memorials of a bygone age without a considerable degree of interest. How or when Sharpe became the owner of Scotsraig we are unable to say, but probably it was one of the rewards bestowed on him for his services to Charles II. Scotsraig was once the property of the Scotts of Balwearie, from whom Michael Scott, the "Wizard," was descended. From the Scotts it took its name, having been termed Scott's Craig, or Scotsraig, to distinguish it from other crags or craigs which abounded in various parts of the country.

Approaching the grounds by the eastern entrance, the first objects that attract attention are two pillars of an ancient gateway that formed the approach to the house in former times. The date 1680 is carved on the pillars—16 on the one, and 80 on the other—which shows that they must have been built in the Archbishop's time; but, beyond their antiquity, there is nothing remarkable in their architecture. They are built

into the boundary wall, and stand about one hundred yards to the north of the present entrance. Following the carriage drive, you pass the home farm, and approach the rear of the mansion, which occupies a fine situation on an elevated plateau facing the south, and overlooking a large, sloping lawn. The house, which is sheltered on all sides by fine spreading woods, is quite a modern structure. It is a large, plain building, three storeys high, with a pediment elevation over the main entrance. A broad flight of steps leads from the terrace to the main door, from which you can see St. Andrews and the coast all round to the mouth of the Tay.

We had a special "permit," and on announcing ourselves the Admiral appeared, and gave us a cordial welcome, and with the utmost courtesy conducted us over the garden and grounds, and pointed out the various objects of interest. A number of cannon balls arranged on either side of the steps leading to the front door attracted our attention. The balls were of various calibre, those on the right hand side being made of iron, and those on the left of stone. The stone balls had an antique appearance, moss adhering to them all over, and, though not perfectly spherical, they were marked here and there with small indentations on their surface. These balls, we learned, had been dug up in the neighbourhood of Broughty Castle, and were supposed to have been fired by the English when they were besieged in

Broughty Castle during the Regency of Queen Mary of Guise between the years 1547 and 1550. The others were missiles used in more modern wars, one of the largest, a 68-pounder, having been fired by H.M.S. *Bulldog* at the bombardment of Sveaborg, in the Baltic, during the Crimean war.

The garden is extensive and tastefully laid out, and occupies the site of the old house, a little to the north of the modern mansion. It is enclosed with high and massive walls, portions of which formed part of the old mansion house inhabited by the Archbishop. The garden is divided into two terraces, and is reached by flights of stone steps of a massive and durable nature. Entering the enclosure by a door in the west wall, you are conducted by a narrow passage between high walls to the steps of the first terrace, which leads to what is known as the "old garden," which in former times was overlooked by the old house. This is now the modern flower garden. In the centre, surrounded by a circular flower bed, stands an antique sun-dial, which was erected by Archbishop Sharpe. Its construction is peculiar. The pedestal is formed of a massive column of freestone, about four feet high, and this is surmounted by a stone cross, the points of which are set to catch the beams of the sun as he traverses the heavens, which are reflected on a plate marked to indicate the degrees of time.

Another flight of steps leads to the upper terrace, which is laid out as the fruit and kitchen garden.

We are now within the precincts of the old house, which was built in the form of a quadrangle, with a court in the centre. The entrance was by an arched gateway on the east, which is still standing. In the centre of the arch is a sculptured stone showing a mitre and a star, with the initials A. J. S. (Archbishop James Sharpe), and the date 1667. Close to the gateway, but outside the garden, grows a fine old sycamore tree called the "bell tree." On one of its branches a bell was suspended, which was used in Sharpe's time for summoning his domestics at meal times and other occasions. The bell continued to hang on the tree till the beginning of the present century, when it was removed, but it is still retained by the present proprietor as a relic of antiquity. There are some very old trees in the garden which sheltered and shaded the Archbishop's mansion, and are still vigorous and healthy in their old age. The largest of these old trees—a fine walnut, is now a wreck, having been blown down by the hurricane which swept the Tay Bridge to destruction on that ever-memorable 28th December, 1879.

All that remains of this grand old walnut is the massive trunk, broken off about twelve or thirteen feet from the ground. It was about sixty feet high—its branches covered nearly a quarter of an acre, and its trunk, now overgrown with ivy, is about 17 feet in circumference. It now stands as a relic of bygone ages, and a memorial of a recent but never-to-be-forgotten

event in the history of the district. About twenty minutes past seven o'clock on that eventful night, just when the Tay Bridge went, the gardener, Mr. Clark, happened to be standing about twenty yards from the old tree, and was an eye-witness to its fall. Thus, it would seem that the same gust which hurled the Bridge and the ill-fated train and passengers to destruction, had also levelled the gigantic tree with the dust. In its fall some of the branches alighted on the garden wall and tore down a large portion of the solid masonry. While the foresters were clearing away the wreckage, some hard substance repeatedly turned the teeth of the saw as they were cutting through the trunk near to where it had broken off. The circumstance was rather unaccountable, and it was only explained when the cutting was finished. Then it was discovered that several pieces of English coal were embedded in the wood. How they got there was an enigma, but it was supposed that at some distant period, they had been put into a hole in the trunk, and that in the course of time the hole had been filled up with a fresh growth, and the coal thus got embedded in the heart of the tree.

From the gardens we were conducted through the grounds, which are extensive and artistically designed, nature and art combining to render the surroundings of Scotsraig one of the most romantic and beautiful of country seats in the north of Fife. The scenery combines all the

features of a Highland region ; wooded hills, shady dells, crags, and caves, around which linger strange and mystic legends of former ages. At the bottom of a narrow glen, between two rocky heights that seem as if some convulsion of nature had riven them asunder, a small lake has been constructed out of what was once a quaking bog. It is now a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by tall trees—its shores overgrown with rank vegetation, and a hilly-looking island in the centre, planted with American trees, gives it all the appearance of a lonely tarn in some desolate region far from the haunts of man. To add to its natural charms, it has a little tragic legend attached to it. About the beginning of the present century a gipsy girl disappeared in this neighbourhood rather mysteriously ; what became of the unfortunate child of the forest no one could tell. Foul play was suspected ; but, notwithstanding that every inquiry was made, no trace of her could be discovered. About five-and-twenty years ago, while some workmen were engaged cleaning out the moss, they discovered the skeleton of a girl embedded in the bog, and the remains were believed to have been those of the missing gipsy. A fine carriage drive, named the "Serpentine," skirts the side of the lake, and winds through the narrow dell to the north entrance on the Tayport and Newport road, making a fine sweep of nearly two miles in extent. Walks are cut around the hills, and by easy

ascents their summits can be reached. The hill on the right or north is known as the "Tower Hill." On its summit, at a height of 400 feet above the level of the Tay, is a curious round tower called "Waterloo Tower." It was originally a watch tower, and was a very ancient structure, but it had been allowed to go to ruins. In the year 1815 the owner of Scotsraig, Mr. Dalgleish, restored the tower, and dedicated it as a memorial of the battle of Waterloo. It stands on the very summit of the hill, surrounded by trees on all sides except the east, which is kept clear, so that the tower may serve as a landmark to mariners, for which purpose it is painted black to enable it to be more easily visible from a distance against the clear sky. A piece of ground at the base of the tower is planted with flowers and shrubs, which appear to thrive well, and, amongst other plants, we were particularly struck with a fine fuschia in full bloom. A substantial wooden staircase inside leads to the summit of the tower, which is 60 or 70 feet high, and from a bartizan on the top one of the most magnificent and extensive views can be obtained both by land and sea. The Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to Scotsraig on 30th June, 1863, and the event is recorded on a tablet over the door of "Waterloo Tower."

There is a legend that at some far distant period in the "misty past" a chest of gold was buried somewhere about the summit of this hill.

The belief in the existence of hidden treasure is kept alive by an old rhyme, which runs thus—

“Here I sit, and here I see,
St. Andrews, Broughty, and Dundee,
And as muckle below me as wad buy a' three,
In a kist.”

A few years ago, some of the foresters on the estate, when engaged in the wood, near the summit of the hill, thought they had discovered the “treasure trove.” In the course of their labours they came on two flagstones firmly embedded in the ground; but, alas, like many a treasure-seeker, their hopes were doomed to disappointment.

The scenery on the opposite hill is thoroughly Alpine in all its features. The western face presents a succession of rocky crags rising in four tiers from the plain. The lower tier forms a precipice of about one hundred feet in height, and is known by the name of the “Bishop’s Quarry.” Until recently quarrying operations were carried on there. A narrow footpath, not more than two or three feet in breadth, winds along the base of the third tier of rocks, and forms a most romantic walk of nearly a mile in length. The path is but a mere ledge on the face of a precipice, and can only be traversed in Indian file. It is a wild and weird scene, the cold, bare rocks rising like a wall of adamant on the one hand, and the steep hill descending on the other, thickly covered with tall fir trees which rise from the very depths of the defile, their green

foliage contrasting beautifully with the yellow-tinted rocks. Here and there a great fissure yawns in the face of the precipice. One of these openings assumes the appearance of a small cavern, and is popularly known by the name of the "Hermit's Hole."

"Beneath a mountain's brow,
The most remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit lived ; a melancholy man."

How could he be anything else than "a melancholy man" who could live in such a dreary spot remote from his fellow men? But who the hermit of Scotsraig was, and when he lived and died, no one seems to know. There is mystery about this hermit, as there is about hermits generally, but whoever he was he could not boast of spacious apartments, for there is barely room in the hole to admit two ordinary-sized mortals at one time. Perhaps the story of the hermit is a myth; but there is also a tradition in the locality that some of the persecuted Covenanters found a hiding place amongst these rocks and crags, and very likely the legend of the "hermit" may have taken its origin from that circumstance.

The shades of evening were deepening and casting a solemn gloom over the woods as we bade adieu to Scotsraig. We made the circuit of the grounds, leaving by the west gate, and in returning to Newport passed Cliff Terrace and the farm of Inverdovat. At the west lodge we presented our

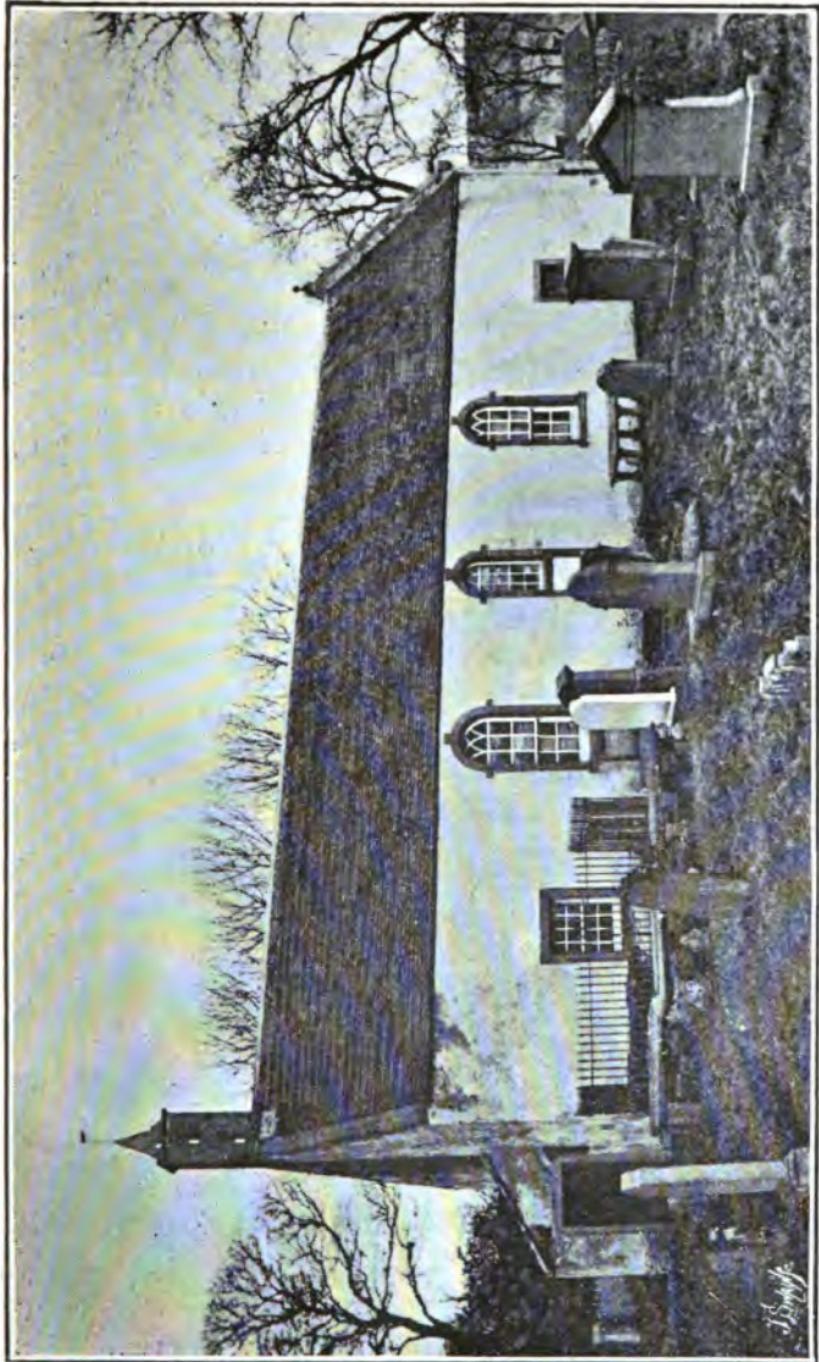
respects to the lady of the house, and she kindly gave us a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which we carried home as a souvenir of our visit.



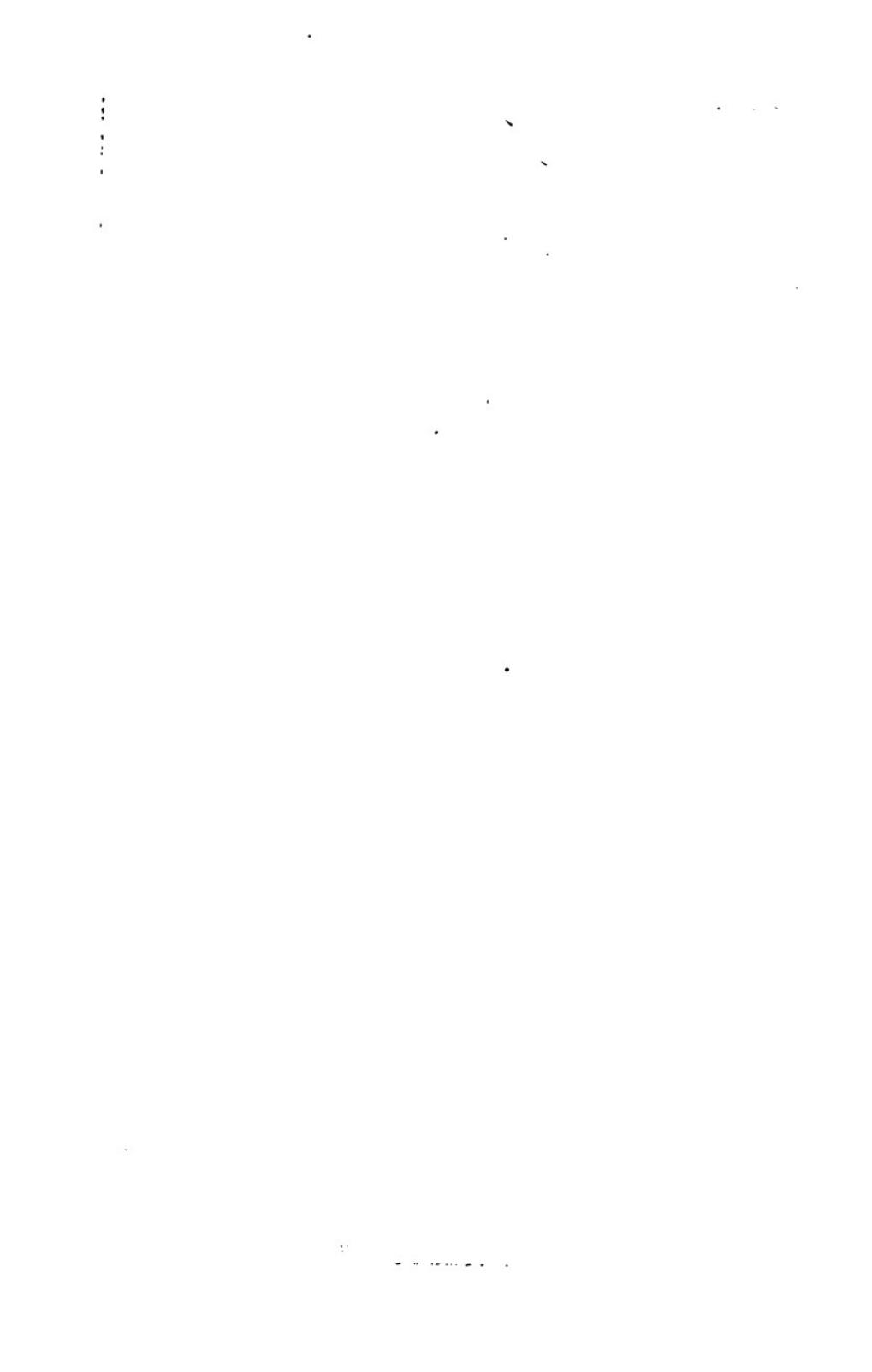
KILMANY.

F the various places of interest in the neighbourhood of Newport, none will so well repay a visit as the quiet secluded hamlet of Kilmany, with its quaint Church, now famous from its having been the scene of the early labours of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. The parish of Kilmany adjoins the parish of Forgan on the south-west, and the Parish Kirk lies inland, about five miles distant, in a south-westerly direction, from Newport. There are several roads leading to Kilmany from Newport, any of which the tourist may select, and either of the routes will be found agreeable for a drive or a pedestrian tour. The most direct road, however, is by West Newport, and to those who prefer to "drive their own pair" the journey can be easily accomplished in the course of a summer afternoon; and a more enjoyable half-holiday could not well be spent.

Making Newport pier the point of departure we pass through West Newport, with its neat cottages, elegant villas, and stately mansions, covering the steep slopes for more than a mile along the southern bank of the Tay. On elevated



KILMANY CHURCH



and commanding situations are the princely mansions of Westwood, the residence of Mr. Harry Walker; Kinbrae, the residence of Mr. John Leng; and Balmore, the residence of Mr. W. Robertson, ex-Provost of Dundee. A charming walk of a mile brings us to Woodhaven—the West Water ferry of former days—with its quaint old harbour and pier, and a few primitive cottages, the homes of the hardy boatmen of the Tay. Before it was eclipsed by its more fortunate rival Newport, Woodhaven was the chief ferry on the Tay. In the “good old times” it was a lively place, but it is now silent and deserted. Almost the only traffic that is carried on at its pier is by the boats of the *Mars* training ship, which lies at anchor about half a mile off the shore. The stately old vessel, with its tender and floating bath, form conspicuous objects on the river. There is a farm-house and some old granaries at Woodhaven, and once there was a flourishing hotel, but the latter is now converted into a private house, and is presently occupied by Captain Scott of the *Mars*. The next place of interest is Wormit Bay, rendered famous by the Tay Bridge, which has been often described. On the left is Wormit Hill, on the northern side of which is built the reservoir for the Newport water supply. From Wormit the road takes a southerly direction, and by a series of gradual ascents you reach the summit of the ridge that forms the southern “rim” of the Tay basin.

You pass St. Fort station on the left, to which there still attaches a melancholy interest in connection with the Tay Bridge catastrophe. The woods and policies of St. Fort extend away to the left beyond the railway; a road branching off to the eastward passes through the woods close to the mansion house, and again branches off to Tayport, Leuchars, St. Andrews, &c.

The route from this point presents no feature of particular interest. After crowning the ridges, it dips gradually into a valley lying north and south, and sheltered on the east and west by low ranges of hills. The Moultry, a small stream, a tributary of the Eden, flows through the eastern side of the valley, and the road which leads to Cupar, and other parts of the "kingdom," runs along its western side. The scenery is pleasing, but it presents no striking features. The hills are of that soft and rounded character peculiar to Fifeshire, and the lowlands generally. They are bare and green, and invariably cultivated to their summits. Snug farm-houses, peeping out from clumps of trees, dot the valley and hill sides, and altogether the district appears to be in a high state of cultivation. As you advance the valley gradually narrows, and about its centre an old road branches off to the left. The road we have been pursuing continues its course southwards, passing Rathillet, while the old route strikes off at right angles to the east, crosses the Moultry by a primitive bridge, and winds over the eastern ridge, making a short cut

to the county town. On this old and now almost deserted thoroughfare, close by the banks of the little stream, stands the village and Church of Kilmany.

The church and churchyard, surrounded by fine trees, occupy the summit of a small knoll overlooking the village. The parish church is a small, mean, and homely-looking edifice, the walls are whitewashed or "harled" with a mixture of lime and gravel, and the only architectural ornament to distinguish it from a barn is a pigmy-looking belfry surmounted by a weathercock.

Through the kindness and courtesy of the church officer, we were allowed to inspect the interior. If the outside was "old and mean" the inside was severely plain, but clean and comfortable notwithstanding. You enter by a small plain-looking door at the gable end, and find yourself in a little dark porch formed by a wooden partition, and meant to shelter the interior from outside draughts. Another door opening from the wooden partition admits you into the church, a long, narrow, low-roofed building with a small gallery at each end. The pulpit stands in the centre against the north wall, while the pews, with the exception of a few short ones on the right and left of the pulpit, run parallel along the centre of the church facing the pulpit. In this small primitive-looking sanctuary the eloquent voice of Scotland's greatest preacher was heard exhorting the rustic congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath for twelve years. The church is

but little changed since Chalmers left it. In 1861 it was reseated, new flooring was laid, and some necessary repairs were executed on the roof and walls, but the old pulpit—Chalmers' pulpit—was allowed to remain. Was it to preserve a relic of the great divine, or was it from a spirit of parsimony on the part of the heirs? We hope it was for the better motive. It is a small plain rostrum devoid of architectural ornament, but it is the only memorial left to perpetuate his memory. A portion of the dark oak panelling which formed the walls of the church before its renovation has also been left on the north wall on the right of the pulpit, and another relic of the past is the precentor's chair, which is said to be a memento of Reformation times. The chair is made of dark oak, lined with crimson silk, and is a quaint specimen of the cabinet work of former days. This chair has a history of its own, if we can credit the legend concerning it. It is said that it formed part of the furniture owned by the Rev. Alexander Henderson, the leader of the second Reformation, and that it was purchased at his roup in Leuchars, where he was for twenty years parish minister, before he went to Edinburgh. This relic was presented to the kirk of Kilmany by Mr. Horsburgh of Lochmalonie, near Cupar.

Thomas Chalmers was ordained minister of Kilmany in May, 1803, when he was only twenty-three years of age. His fame as a preacher

spread far and wide, and in the latter years of his ministry here the little church was crowded Sabbath after Sabbath with strangers who flocked from Dundee, St. Andrews, and Cupar, and surrounding parishes, drawn thither by the power of his eloquence. In the year 1815 the Town Council of Glasgow called Chalmers to be minister of the Tron Church in that city, and from that time he rose to the high position he afterwards filled in the Church of Scotland.

In the early years of his ministry Chalmers was an enthusiastic student of science ; mathematics, astronomy, and chemistry were his favourite pursuits. His simple-minded parishioners were often amazed at the learning and wisdom of their young minister. Some of the more superstitious believed he "was no very canny," whatever that may mean. One one occasion he was making some experiments in chemistry in the "smiddy" when he nearly frightened the old smith out of his wits. Eppie Nicholson, his housekeeper, did not hold his talents at such a high estimate as other people did when she told him very coolly one day that "clever as he was he was nae sae clever as to be able to mak' porridge without meal."

It would seem that the larder at the manse had not been very carefully attended to at times. One day in the autumn of the year 1811, Mr. R. Mudie and Mr. Duncan, two teachers in the Dundee Academy, great friends of the Doctor, paid him a visit at Kilmany to spend a day with him. The

gentlemen from Dundee had come without warning or invitation, but though the visit was unexpected they were none the less heartily welcomed. After the first friendly greetings had been exchanged the Doctor left his guests and went to the kitchen to inquire of the housekeeper what she had for dinner. To his dismay he was informed that there was nothing in the house except two parcels of salt fish. This was rather annoying, but Chalmers was equal to the occasion. He gave orders to the housekeeper to boil two portions, one from each parcel, and have dinner ready by a certain hour. He then joined his friends, and after enjoying a ramble around the country, they returned to the Manse to dine. The table was laid with taste, and at each end of it was placed a large covered dish, which promised something good.

"Now, gentlemen," said Chalmers, after the covers were removed, "here is variety. This dish is salt fish from St. Andrews, and that is hard fish from Dundee."

The twelve years of Chalmers' sojourn at Kilmany were marked by some of the greatest events in the history of Europe. Napoleon the Great was then in the full tide of his ambitious and bloodthirsty career. The thunder of war was heard all over the world, and the heart of the British nation throbbed with patriotic ardour as the alarm of a French invasion spread over the country. Quiet citizens laid aside their peaceful pursuits and took up arms to defend

their hearths and homes. Chalmers was then a young man, and, with characteristic impulse, he threw himself into the movement with all the zeal and ardour of his noble nature. Rousing and eloquent patriotic appeals were frequently introduced into his pulpit utterances. But he not only preached patriotism, he set his hearers an example by enrolling himself in a volunteer corps, and donning the scarlet uniform of a soldier. On one occasion, after attending parade, he had to go and preach, and to save time he put on the gown and bands over his uniform coat. In the heat of his discourse, when waving his arms to give effect to his eloquence, the scarlet cloth was seen gleaming from under the sombre folds of the preacher's robe. Walking along the streets of St. Andrews one day, arrayed in his military dress, he met a brother clergyman with whom he was on intimate terms.

"How do you do?" said Chalmers, holding out his hand.

"Very well, thank you, but you have the advantage of me. I do not know who is addressing me," was the curt reply.

"Don't know me? You know me perfectly well; Chalmers of Kilmany."

"Forgive me, sir, you must be joking," replied the facetious clergyman. "You do certainly bear a resemblance to Mr. Chalmers, but I am sure my friend has too much sense to appear in a dress so unbecoming his profession."

Chalmers' life and character are too well known to require any comment here. As the late Dr. Marshall remarked—"Taken all in all, he was one of Scotland's greatest sons."

Kilmany has been favoured with many eminent ministers. In pre-Reformation times a younger son of Sir Robert Bruce of Clackmannan was rector of the parish, and he was afterwards raised to the dignity of Bishop of Dunkeld, and Chancellor of Scotland. In the beginning of the eighteenth century religion had fallen to a low ebb in the parish. The kirk had been neglected, and the fabric allowed to go to decay. The Lord's Supper, too, had not been dispensed for a long time, as the following extract from the minutes of the Kirk Session will show :—

" May 7th, 1707.—Being Wednesday, the Session met, and, considering that the congregation has long wanted the benefit of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the minister (Mr. Brown) did intimate his design of celebrating that solemn ordinance ; and the Session, considering what might be the most proper season for it, did descend upon the last Sabbath of June next ; and further, considering that the Communion tables were all broken and gone to ruins, the Session recommends to the minister and elders in the town of Kilmany to agree with James Melville, wright, to buy timber to make up the said tables, and to mend some parts of the pulpit that are destroyed, and to do other things needful about the church."

In later times the Rev. John Cook, afterwards Professor of Hebrew in St. Andrews' University, was for sixteen years minister of the parish ; but its most distinguished minister undoubtedly was Dr. Thomas Chalmers. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henry D. Cook, the writer of the Statistical account of the parish. He fulfilled a ministry of upwards of forty years, and was succeeded in 1858 by the present incumbent, the Rev. David Brewster, a nephew of the renowned Sir David Brewster.

A rather touching incident occurred during our visit, which we are tempted to relate at this point. On our way to Kilmany we met a countryman at whom we inquired if there was any likelihood of our getting admission to the church and churchyard. He very kindly informed us that there would be no difficulty in getting in to see the church, as "the minister's man was aye at hand, and, forbye, there was to be a funeral that afternoon," he added. We thanked the stranger for his information, and passed on. Incidentally we heard of the funeral again in another quarter, and we had not exchanged half-a-dozen words with the church-officer when he also mentioned the circumstance. A funeral was evidently an event in the parish.

" You'll not have many funerals ?" we remarked.

" No very mony ; there hasna been ane for a lang time," replied the gravedigger.

" What is the population of the parish ? "

"Aboot six hundred. It's a' farmers, you see," he replied.

"Who is this that is to be buried? Any of the farmers of the district?"

"Na; it's some poor tinklers that's camping in the woods here; it's a bairn o' ane o' them."

"A tinker's child? How old was it?"

"Weel, the woman was ta'en ill at the end o' the smith's shop late on Wednesday nicht, an' they took her into the smiddy, an' the smith got her laid among some strae——"

"Was it still-born?" we inquired, beginning to comprehend the real nature of the affair at last.

"Na! it lived some time. The poor woman is lying ill yet——"

"In the smiddy?"

"No, she's in a house in the village. Some guid-hearted women took pity on her."

Here was a romance of gipsy life, a birth and a death in a smithy, a waif by the wayside cast on the charity and hospitality of the humble villagers. We were curious to witness the funeral, and we had our curiosity gratified.

The afternoon was well advanced, and we were still lingering in the graveyard when the tinkers entered the sacred enclosure to bury their dead. If we expected a demonstration on the part of the tribe, we were disappointed. Two rough-looking men, unwashed and unkempt, with the unmistakable stamp of "Ishmael" on their features and persons, composed the mournful procession.

One, whom we took for the father, carried the mite of a coffin under his arm, while his companion, probably a brother, judging from the resemblance they bore to each other, walked by his side, the neat coffin with its white mountings forming a striking contrast to the rough habiliments of the mourners. The men advanced timidly and hesitatingly, and were met by the gravedigger, who conducted them to an obscure corner, where the little grave had been dug. We followed at a respectful distance, and took off our hats to show our sympathy and respect. Our action was observed by the men, and they followed our example by taking off their bonnets and laying them on the grass at their feet. Half-a-dozen urchins from the village scrambled on to the top of the wall overlooking the grave, and watched the proceedings with lively interest. The coffin was chaste and neat for a parochial gift. It was provided with four white cords, but there were only two mourners to lay the little box and its tiny occupant into the tomb. We saw the difficulty, and stepped forward to lend a hand. The father of the child took the head, his companion the foot, and my friend and the gravedigger each took a cord, and thus the last offices were performed for the tinker's child. As the gravedigger was shovelling in the earth and covering up the coffin, the father of the child took a spare spade and threw some earth into the grave, and then handed the tool

to his companion, who did the same. Was this a custom of burial amongst tinkers? Perhaps it was, and if its origin were traced it might have a symbolic meaning attached to it. We were deeply touched by the little incident; the rough men were silent and subdued; they spoke not a word during the ceremony, and when all was over they lifted their bonnets off the grass, put them on their heads, and slowly left the church-yard. Our eyes followed them sympathisingly, but just as they were within a few yards of the gate one of them took a black cutty pipe from his pocket, struck a match, and disappeared from our sight whiffing a cloud of smoke around him. The spell was broken—it was “the earth earthy,” but perhaps, poor fellow, it was his only means of finding a solace for his grief.

The churchyard, is very neatly kept. There are a few modern and handsome monuments, but the most of the tombstones are old and moss-grown, showing quaintly-sculptured inscriptions, and adorned with skulls, crossbones, scythes, hour-glasses, and such like ghastly emblems of death, with which our ancestors delighted to embellish their last resting-places. A remarkable circumstance was pointed out to us on one of the modern tombstones, which recorded the death of several members of one family, all of whom died at the age of 78 years. Four of the victims of the Tay Bridge accident are interred in this churchyard, and another, whose body was never

found, has his memory recorded on his family tombstone. The oldest tombstones date from the seventeenth century, but, with one exception, there is nothing remarkable in the way of churchyard literature. The single exception is, however, both in design and feeling, and poetical merit, far above the ordinary class of tombstone literature. On the north-west side of the graveyard, a small enclosure marks what was once the family burial-place of the Melvilles of Murdochcarnie. On a table tombstone within this enclosure, there is a copper plate, about six feet long by about three broad, which bears the following inscription :—

Memoriae JOANNIS MELVILL A KARNIE,
Qui vita puriter Acta Avatamanxit Gloriam, Fida,
Pudica, Mærens,
Maria Uxor,
ALEXRI METELLANI, Comitis Landeriæ Fratris,
Filia Maxima.

Obiit sine prole, Apr. 25, 1724, æt 38.

In what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
My dearest Cairnie, when I think of thee?

Ye Muses, Graces, all ye gentle train
Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain.
But why should I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to write the dictates of my heart,
And all that knew his real worth will join
Their friendly sighs and fresh tears with mine.
His soul was formed to act each glorious part
Of life unstained with vanity or art;
No thought within his generous breast had birth
But what he might have own'd to Heav'n or earth;
Practised by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And shone with more than its own native light,

Whatever noble warmth could recommend,
The just, the active, and the constant friend
Was all his own, but O, a dearer name,
And softer ties mine endless sorrows claim.
Left now alone, comfortless and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender husband, mourn.
As thou alone hast taught my heart to prove
The highest raptures of a virtuous love,
That sacred passion I to thee confine,
My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

MARY MELVILL.

Here is the coat of arms, with motto,
DENIQUE COLEUM.

The tombstone is old and grey, and is in a broken and dilapidated condition, and the copperplate is green with verdigris from exposure to the weather. The engraving is neatly executed, and is still quite legible.

The estate of Murdochcarnie was for three centuries in the possession of the Melvilles. Like the neighbouring estates of Myrecarnie, Mountquhannie, &c., it originally formed part of the lands belonging to the Earls of Fife. After the forfeiture of the earldom the lands were held by the Crown, till in 1536 and 1542 Royal charters were granted for the lands of Murdochcarnie to Sir John Melville of Raith, and his wife, Helen Napier. The Melvilles figured prominently in history. Sir Robert, second son of Sir John Melville of Raith, who sat on the bench of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Murdochcarnie, was one of the leading public men in the reigns of Mary and James. Around the

margin of the memorial tablet above referred to is engraved a genealogical account of the family, from which we learn that one of the Melvilles was married to a lady of the family of Inchdairnie. The murder of Andrew Aytoun, younger of Inchdairnie, in connection with the assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, as recorded by Woodrow, derives a melancholy interest from his relation to the Melvilles of Murdochcarnie. It is a striking illustration of the troubrous nature of those times, and has an air of romantic interest attached to it. Andrew Aytoun, younger of Inchdairnie, a promising young man, was cruelly murdered by a soldier on the same day that Sharpe was assassinated. Aytoun, while at St. Andrews University, became imbued with Presbyterian principles, and he took an active hand in protecting the persecuted ministers. Being suspected by the authorities, he fled to Morayshire, and there found shelter with some friends. During his stay there, Mr. Walter Duncan, one of the hunted clergymen, was arrested in the neighbourhood of Aytoun's retreat. Fired with zeal, Aytoun followed the soldiers and their prisoner south to Dundee, on their way to Edinburgh. Conceiving a bold idea, he crossed the Tay before them, and reached his father's estate, where he collected together a band of devoted men, and at their head attacked the soldiers, routed them, and rescued the prisoner. Afraid of the consequences of this bold action, he remained in hiding in his father's house for a time. Unfor-

tunately, however, for the young gentleman, he ventured from his concealment to pay a visit to his aunt at Murdochcarnie. He mounted a horse, and proceeded on his journey, never dreaming of evil. He had not heard of the murder of the Archbishop, which had been committed that very day on Magus Moor, only a few miles distant. On the road he saw a troop of horsemen galloping rapidly in the direction of Cupar, and to avoid an encounter, he turned his horse and rode hard to escape. The troopers were out scouring the country in search of Sharpe's murderers. The news had roused them, and maddened with fury, they were eager to wreak their vengeance on any one they could lay hands on. Observing a horseman fleeing from them, by the order of the officer in command, one of the soldiers put spurs to his horse and set off in pursuit of the fugitive. He soon overtook young Aytoun, and in riding past him he fired two pistols, mortally wounding the young man, and then rode back to his troop. The soldiers paid no further attention to their victim, but continued their journey to Cupar. With great difficulty Aytoun reached a cottage, where he found shelter and compassion. The sympathising cottager put him to bed and sent for his father, Sir John Aytoun. The grief-stricken parent, on hearing of the condition of his son, hastened to the cottage and despatched a messenger to Cupar for a chirurgeon (surgeon). But the soldiers had taken possession of the town by that

time, and the officer would not permit a surgeon to go ; and, instead, he brutally ordered out a detachment of his men to bring the wounded man to the town. This cruel order was carried into execution in spite of all remonstrances, and the unfortunate young gentleman was forced to get on horseback, and perform the journey to Cupar that night. The Magistrates, however, interfered, and got the dying man accommodated in an inn. He died next day, after great suffering, but comforted by the presence of his sorrowing parents at his bedside. The sequel has yet to be told. It turned out that the soldier who inflicted young Aytoun's death wounds was a near relative ; and when the man heard what he had done he was smitten with remorse, and came to the bedside of his victim, and begged his forgiveness, which the dying man cheerfully granted. It was said that this man died a few years after in a state of great fear for his future condition.

The chief actors in the tragedy on Magus Moor were closely connected with Kilmany. About a mile south from the church, on the new road to Cupar, you pass close to the old mansion house of Rathillet, once the family residence of the Halkerstons or Hackstons. David Halkerston, better known as Hackston of Rathillet, and his brother-in-law, Balfour of Burley, were, in company with a band of Covenanters, on Magus Moor on May 3rd, 1679, and took part in the assassination of the Archbishop. They had no previous intention of

murdering Sharpe ; they were out in search of an infamous character, an officer of the Government, named Carmichael, who had rendered himself obnoxious by acts of cruelty to unfortunate Non-conformists. They missed the tool, but they found his master, and wreaked their vengeance on him. Hackston, it is said, took no hand in the murder, but he stood by and consented to his death. He had a private quarrel with Sharpe, but sunk his own private feud in favour of the common cause. At the subsequent battle of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, he commanded part of the Covenanters and fought with great bravery. He was wounded at Bothwell, but contrived to make his escape from that disastrous field. He was declared a rebel, and a reward of 10,000 marks was offered for him, dead or alive. He was taken prisoner at Aird's Moss, and was most barbarously treated by the inhuman monster Dalziel. When brought before the Council he challenged their right to try him, declaring that the King, in whose name they sat, had, by claiming the supremacy over the Church, usurped the inalienable prerogatives of Jesus Christ. The President taunted him with having been immoral in his youth, to which Hackston replied with stinging sarcasm, "When I was so I was acceptable to your Lordship ; I only lost your favour when I renounced your vices." He was condemned to be hanged and quartered, and the sentence was carried out with revolting barbarity at the Cross of Edinburgh. His head was sent to Magus Moor,

and the other parts of his body were exposed in Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, and Cupar. Strange to tell, the son of this great martyr for the Covenant espoused the cause of the Jacobites ; yielding to the influence of his wife, he devoted himself to the interest of the infamous house of Stuart, who, in the pursuit of their mad ambitious schemes, had cruelly murdered his father. Rathillet was purchased by Mr. David Carswell in the end of the last century, and it is still in the possession of his descendants.

Kilmany is also associated with another startling event in the history of the Reformation of Scotland —the murder of Cardinal Beaton at St. Andrews. David Balfour, brother of Sir James Balfour of Mountquhannie, was one of the conspirators in that daring deed, the leaders of which were Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the brothers Norman and John Leslie. Sir James Balfour was not present at the murder, but, along with many others, joined the band when they were besieged in St. Andrews Castle. He was taken prisoner with the rest of his compatriots, and conveyed to France in the same galley with John Knox. He returned to Scotland in 1549, and afterwards took a prominent part in the events of the times. He filled many high offices in the State, but he was said to have been a man of no principle, as capable of any baseness, and as a mere time server. Mountquhannie House is about a mile and a half or two miles south of Kilmany Church by the new

road, and it is now the property of Mr. Gillespie, the proprietor of Kirton of Forgan.

From the elevated situation of the churchyard a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. Norman Law is seen to the west, its lofty head towering over the low range of hills hemming in the vale. The village consists only of a few rustic humble-looking cottages clustered together close to the churchyard. The manse stands on the east of the Church. It is a small plain unpretending house, surrounded by a well-kept garden. It was built during Chalmers' residence in the parish, and, small and humble though it appears, it is roomy and spacious when compared with the dilapidated parsonage which he found when he was first settled there. The old Manse was situated on the west side of the churchyard ; it was pulled down after the new one was finished, and not a vestige of it remains, but a door is still shown in the churchyard wall, which opened from the Manse garden into the kirkyard, and which was used as the Doctor's private entrance.

The scenery all around is charming and picturesque, and an air of quiet seclusion reigns throughout the valley. To those in quest of a peaceful retreat during the summer months no better spot could be found than Kilmany. Shut out from the busy world and surrounded by scenes of natural beauty, the weary and worn invalids, exhausted with the toil and turmoil of city life,

could find peace and repose to recruit their shattered bodily and mental energies. Pleasant walks can be enjoyed in all directions amidst all the varieties of rural scenery. The Moultry is a pleasant stream, and to a not over fastidious angler it will afford enjoyable sport and healthy recreation in rambling along its shady banks. Charming nooks lie secluded among the neighbouring hills, and at easy distance from the village is a romantic ravine called Ghoul's Den, a favourite resort of Dr. Chalmers, where he used to bathe in summer in a pool under a small waterfall.



BALMERINO.

OR the beauty of its surrounding scenery and the breadth and volume of the stream, the Tay stands forth pre-eminently the queen of Scottish rivers. Without detracting from the merits of other streams, there are few who have traced the Tay throughout its course but will be ready to admit its claim to this proud title. Issuing full-grown from its parental home in Loch Tay, it flows in majestic grandeur, receiving tribute in its progress from mountain burns, and from rivers second only to itself; it increases in volume and beauty as it rolls along, till, emerging from its Highland fastnesses, it expands into an estuary broad and deep enough to float the proudest navies of the world. For richness and variety, the scenery along its course can scarcely be surpassed, and presents to the eye of the tourist an ever-changing and interesting series of panoramic views. Its upper waters mirror lofty mountain peaks; its middle reaches are fringed with green meadows and shady woods, while the shores of the frith present a succession of beetling cliffs, bold headlands, sheltered bays, and all the features of the sea coast. The southern or Fife coast is more bold and rugged in its outline than the northern shore, which is bordered by the low-lying strath known as the Carse of Gowrie. On the Fife coast the land rises bluff and steep from the water's

edge, ascending in successive swells inland in all the tumultuous confusion of a mountainous region. Here and there indentations occur along the coast, where, within the shelter of a couple of bold promontories, you find a charming bay, where the land ascends gradually from a white pebbly beach to wood-crowned hills that rear their verdant crests in the background. In one of these sweet little nooks lies the Kirkton of Balmerino, around which there linger many interesting historical associations.

The parish of Balmerino joins Forgan on the west, and the Kirkton and harbour is about five miles from Newport, and nearly opposite Invergowrie on the Perthshire coast. It is a favourite resort of marine pleasure parties, its old pier affording a good landing place for small craft. It is much frequented by yachts and boats from Dundee and Newport in the summer season. Next to the pleasure of a sail on the river, nothing can be more enjoyable than a ramble along the coast from Newport to Balmerino, which can be easily accomplished in the course of a Summer half-holiday. In making the pilgrimage there are two routes open for the tourist to select, and as both routes have peculiar charms of their own, we would recommend pedestrians to go by the one and return by the other.

As in our former excursion to Kilmany, we again take our departure from Newport Pier by the road leading through West Newport. A station has now been erected on the North British

Railway at the Fife side of the Tay Bridge. It may be more convenient, and may save a couple of miles' walk to take your departure from there. On reaching the Tay Bridge we choose the footpath by the coast in preference to the main road which winds over the upland plateau. The footpath passes under the first or land span of the Bridge, and descends from the high cliffs on which it rests to the beach at Wormit Bay. High headlands jut out on the east and west about a mile apart, while the river sweeps round the shore in a crescent form, washing a fine shingly beach. The land slopes gently inland from the shore for a quarter of a mile or so to the base of the hills which bound it on the south, thus forming a spacious amphitheatre, in which an extensive village could snugly nestle. The advantages of the situation around this beautiful bay for building purposes have not been overlooked. When the Tay Bridge was first constructed, by which a line of communication was opened up to and from Dundee, the proprietor, Mr Wedderburn of Birkhill, entered into arrangements for feuing the ground. A fine concrete sea wall was constructed along the beach, and a terrace walk laid out, to serve the double purpose of checking the encroachments of the tide and affording a pleasant marine promenade to the inhabitants. The beach is admirably adapted for bathing, and a more advantageous situation for a watering place could scarcely be found on any part of our coasts. To add to its other natural advantages, a fine

stream of water flows from under the high ground on to the beach, providing a never-failing and abundant supply of pure water. In this as in many other instances, however, we have a practical illustration of the sentiment so quaintly expressed by the poet Burns—

“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea’e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.”

The storm which swept down the centre girders of the mighty structure cut off the railway communication between the north and south shores of the Tay, and blasted the hopes of the speculators. A solitary villa was erected close to the beach, as the nucleus of Wormit village. With the re-opening of the Tay Bridge, and the establishment of a station at the Fife end, there is every prospect of a fine village springing up on the shores of the lovely bay.

The path leads across the bay, and winds up the face of the heights that bound it on the west. It is but a rough track used by salmon fishers to the various fishing stations along the coast. Following its windings over the braes, on which primroses grow in rich abundance, you at last reach the upper level, where the cliffs run in an unbroken line parallel with the shore for nearly two miles. The scenery is charming, and the view obtained from the heights magnificent. The noble river spreads away to the right and left as far as the eye can

reach, its unruffled surface flashing in the sunlight like a vast sheet of polished steel. On the opposite shore you get a bird's eye view of the town of Dundee, with its innumerable spires and towers and palatial buildings stretching along the shore for miles, and covering the steep hillsides to the base of the conical crest of the Law Hill, that rises proudly over the smoke-covered city. To the west lies the Carse of Gowrie, green with the verdure of spring, with the blue range of the Sidlaws circling it on the north. Eastward, the eye roams over the surface of the gleaming river, till the parallel shores disappear, and the Tay is lost in the broad expanse of the German Ocean. The tide washes the base of the cliffs one hundred feet below. Grass, wild flowers, and broom and thorn bushes, and stately trees grow luxuriantly on the face of the great sea wall down to the water's edge. But the cliffs that line the shore form only the outer works of the great natural ramparts that defend this portion of the "Kingdom." Inland the ground rises with a gentle acclivity from the top of the braes to the base of another range of heights, which run parallel with the shore, shutting you in on the south, and forming the second line of the great natural fortifications. The sea cliffs thus form, as it were, the first elevation in the chain of hills that skirt the northern boundaries of the Kingdom of Fife, and of which Norman Law is one of the loftiest. For a mile or two the path winds westwards by the

edge of the cliffs, when a break occurs in the sea wall. The heights retire from the river, the track descends, and you find yourself on the shores of a beautiful bay, in which lies the harbour and village of Balmerino.

It is a charming little spot. The river sweeping in between two lofty headlands, forms a fine open bay hemmed in by lofty hills. The village is small, consisting only of a few scattered cottages covering the sloping ground overlooking the harbour, which is a small but substantial structure, and though now almost entirely deserted was once much frequented by small vessels trading on the coast. The object of greatest interest at the Kirkton is the ruins of the Abbey. Only a mere fragment of the old ecclesiastical pile has been left, and no idea can be formed of the extent and magnificence of the edifice in former days. All that now remains is a few yards of crumbling masonry, the outside of which is covered with ivy, which has fattened for centuries on the mouldering ruins till it, too, shows signs of age and decay. The ruins are enclosed by a wooden fence, and are now preserved with great care. They are partly hidden, however, by the buildings of a farm steading, a portion of the Abbey having been utilised in forming the walls of the farm offices. All that is worth seeing about the ruins is a large vaulted chamber, supposed to have been the kitchen, and a section of pillars and arches, but to what portion of the edifice they belonged is merely a matter of conjecture. They

are still grand, even in their decay. The pillars are clustered, and the corbals, or capitals, from which the arches spring are formed of cut stones, and bear marks of the elegance with which they were originally designed. Each capital has been carved to represent some device separate from the other, some representing fruit and flowers, others religious emblems and grotesque figures. Several years ago in the course of some building operations in connection with the adjoining farm steading, a subterranean passage was discovered, which was supposed had been used as a secret means of communication between the monastery and the harbour. To the east of the Abbey, in a large enclosed space, formerly the garden of the Monastery, are some fine trees, which are preserved with great care by the proprietor, Mr. Stuart Gray of Kinfauns. The most remarkable of these patriarchs of the forest is a Spanish chestnut, which is probably as old as the Abbey. The main trunk branches off into two huge limbs, five feet from the ground, and these spread out their gigantic proportions like the branches of a candelabra, each throwing out numerous smaller branches which untie at the top, and form a green canopy over their hoary stems. The main trunk has a girth of twenty-two feet, and each of the two great antlers measures ten feet at the base, and attains a height of about thirty feet. It is evident that the main trunk has broken off where these branches spring out, as there is a large hole between them which

has been carefully closed up with cement to preserve the tree from decaying too rapidly. The old tree, however, is showing signs of dissolution, notwithstanding the care which is now bestowed on it to preserve its vitality. Near it grows a fine walnut, which measures sixteen or seventeen feet round the stem, at a height of six feet from the ground, and attains a height of about forty feet, and a fine healthy beach tree about fifty feet in height, which measures sixteen feet at a height of twenty feet from the ground.

The Abbey of Balmerino was founded in 1229 by Alexander II., at the suggestion of his mother, the widow Queen of William the Lion. Balmerino was her favourite residence, and as a token of her gratitude for the benefit she derived to her health from its salubrity, she urged her son to found the Monastery. She also endowed it with grants of lands, which were supplemented by other lands in Fife, granted by the Crown in 1233. A colony of Cistercian Monks was brought from Melrose and established in the Abbey, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. Edward the Confessor. At the Reformation the monks were driven out of their snug nest, and the venerable pile shared the fate of the other wealthy religious houses in Scotland. In 1558 the Lords of the Covenant visited Balmerino on their way from St. Andrews to Perth, and there is every reason to believe that they made a grand bonfire of the "rooks' nest" to celebrate their visit. How effectually they per-

formed their vandalistic work may be inferred from the fact that Defoe remarked, that he “saw nothing worthy of observation in the ruins of the Abbey.” The fact was, the old pile was made a common quarry by the people, and the stones were carted away to build houses in the neighbourhood, some of them going as far as St. Andrews.

After the Reformation, the Abbey lands, which were extensive and rich, including the right of fishing in the Tay, were granted to Sir James Elphinston, son of Robert, third Lord Elphinston, who was created Lord Balmerino. There were six Lords of that ilk, all of whom took their part in the affairs of the country, but the fate of the sixth and last Lord is a sad and eventful story.

Arthur, who for a brief period of a few months held the title of Lord Balmerino, was a younger son, and not having the prospect of succeeding to the inheritance of his father, he entered the army, and held a commission in a cavalry regiment in the reign of Queen Anne. He was early imbued with Jacobite principles, and on the Crown being bestowed on the House of Hanover on the accession of George I., he resigned his commission, and sacrificed all his prospects for the cause of the exiled Stuarts. In the Rebellion of 1715 he held a command in Mar’s army, and fought at the battle of Sheriffmuir. That affair brought this puny rising to an ignominious termination, and young Elphinston had, with others of his compatriots, to flee for their lives. There is a tradition

in the parish that he lay in concealment for some time in the ruins of the old Abbey, and also in a publichouse at the Kirkton. Whether there is any truth in the story it is impossible now to determine ; there is, however, a great probability that after the defeat of the rebels and their subsequent dispersion at Montrose, he would return to his paternal estate to seek a temporary refuge, and as he ultimately escaped to France, he might have got a passage to that country on board some vessel leaving the Tay. He entered the French service, and after an exile of twenty years his father obtained a free pardon for him from the Government, and in 1733 he returned once more to his native land. But he still remained faithful to his principles, and when Prince Charles Stuart landed in Scotland he again took up arms in his cause. He held the rank of colonel in the rebel army, and was captain of a troop of horse which acted as a bodyguard to the Prince. A few weeks before the battle of Culloden he succeeded to the estates and title of Balmerino on the death of his brother, but he never enjoyed the amenities of his inheritance. At the battle of Culloden he was taken prisoner while endeavouring to escape from that disastrous field. Conveyed to London, he was committed to the Tower, where he lay till the end of July, when he was brought to trial for treason along with Lords Kilmarnock and Cromarty. The trial began on 29th July, and on 1st August the prisoners were condemned to be

beheaded on Tower Hill. The sentence was carried out on the 10th of August, 1746.

Kilmarnock suffered first, Balmerino next. While his compatriot was being led to the block he was kept in a room in the vicinity, and here his bearing and deportment were so dignified, and yet so unaffected, that his attendants were moved to tears. He prayed frequently, and appeared prepared to die. When his time came he walked to the scaffold with a firm and steady step, mounted the fatal stage, and bowed to the spectators who had assembled in thousands to witness the executions. Then he walked round the scaffold, and read the inscription on his coffin, which was prepared to receive his corpse. He said the inscription was correct, and then he looked at the block and called it his pillow of rest. The grim executioner was moved as perhaps he had never been before. He approached his victim, and humbly begged his forgiveness. "Friend," replied Balmerino, "you need not ask my forgiveness. The execution of your duty is commendable." He then presented him with three guineas, adding, "Friend, I never had much money; that is all I have. I wish it had been more for your sake. I am sorry I can add nothing else except my coat and waistcoat." He took the garments off and laid them on his coffin, then turning to a gentleman standing near, he remarked, "I am afraid many will think my behaviour bold, but it arises from a confidence in God and a clear conscience." Next he examined

the blade of the axe to assure himself of its sharpness, told the executioner to strike with resolution, as in that he would show his mercy. Laying his head on the block he engaged in a short prayer. His last words before he gave the fatal signal are thus recorded—"Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless King James, and receive my soul." Thus perished the last Lord of Balmerino, a man of noble and heroic spirit, who would have done honour to any cause. The title and lands were forfeited as part of the sentence. The lands were sold by the Crown to the York Building Company, who subsequently sold them to the Earl of Moray. They are now the property of Mr. Stuart Gray of Kinfauns, who has become heir to the estates of the Moray family. The estate of Balmerino is not now very extensive. It is bounded on the east by the lands of Naughton, and on the west by Birkhill, the residence of the Wedderburns of Wedderburn, the representatives of the ancient family of Scrymgeour of Dudhope. Birkhill was formerly called Corbie Hill, as it used to be a favourite resort of corbies or crows, who doubtless found admirable sites for building their nests in the woods which still adorn the high grounds on the west of Balmerino Bay.

Balmerino is said to be a very healthy region, and in early times it was a favourite residence of some of the Scottish Monarchs. William the Lion and his Queen often resided here; and James V. often resorted to this district for a summer resi-

dence. In the choice of such a delightful retreat, royal personages showed that they had a true appreciation of the beauties of Nature. But Balmerino has lost its prestige as a summer residence, although it has lost none of its beauty ; nor is its climate less salubrious than in bygone ages. The river here is about four miles broad. Bathing and boating can be enjoyed by those who take pleasure in aquatic sports, and the country abounds with pleasant walks. The inland scenery is varied and picturesque, interspersed with hills and dales, woodland groves and meadows green. One of the heights in the southern range bears the name of Newton Hill. On a secluded spot on this hill conventicles were often held in the days of the Covenanters. Here thousands were wont to assemble on the bleak hillside to listen to the preaching of the Gospel from the lips of such men as Thomas Hogg, John Welch, and Donald Cargill, eminent ministers who were persecuted for righteousness sake.

The adherents of the Covenant were very numerous in the northern parishes of Fife, and Balmerino furnished at least one martyr to the cause, whose name has been preserved in the records of those troublous times. A poor weaver named Andrew Galland, a native of Balmerino, was present on Magus Moor, and witnessed the murder of Archbishop Sharp. It is said, however, that Andrew only met the party by accident, and beyond holding Hackston's mare he took no hand

in the murder. Andrew fled to the south to escape the consequences of his complicity with assassination, and for some time he lived in the parish of Cockpen, where he got employment from a farmer. For not attending the Parish Church the curate put him in prison. He was suspected of being one of Sharp's murderers, and was taken to Edinburgh to be examined before the Council, but no proof could be obtained against him. A wily advocate, however, drew the confession from Andrew's lips in a rather ingenious manner. In a torrent of passionate eloquence he denounced the murderers of Sharp, expatiating on their brutality by murdering the holy man while he was on his knees engaged in prayer. Honest Andrew could not allow such a statement to pass unchallenged. "O, what a lee," he exclaimed indignantly, "he wadna pray, yea no ae word for a' they cud say to him." This was enough to seal the doom of the poor Balmérino weaver. He was tried and condemned to death for his share in the murder, and strange to say, Hackston of Rathillet and Andrew Galland were the only two that were executed for the murder of Archbishop Sharp.

A good story is told of a blacksmith named Murdoch, who lived in the village of Gauldry, in this parish, in the days of "darkness and blood." He was apprehended in his own house for the crime of Nonconformity, but before he was removed to prison he contrived to get a file from the smithy, and concealed it on his person. He was

conveyed to Cupar Jail, which was crowded with prisoners, like himself, for conscience sake. During the night the doughty smith cut the iron stanchions on the windows of the prison, and liberated the whole of the prisoners, who before morning succeeded in reaching places of safety.

In the return journey by the main road, which leads along the valley behind the first line of hills, you pass the manse and parish kirk about half a mile or so to the eastward of the old kirk and kirk-yard. They are comparatively modern buildings, and their site has been admirably chosen. Further eastward the road is shaded by the woods that adorn the grounds attached to the mansion house of Naughton. The house occupies a fine situation on the southern face of a wood-covered hill, which shelters it from the north, but only a glimpse of its white front, gleaming amidst a sea of green foliage, can be obtained from the public road. The associations of the place carry us back to the primeval times in the history of Scotland. On the eastern slope of the hill there once stood a Culdee church. A castle was afterwards built on its site by a natural son of William the Lion, a monarch who appears to have been strongly attached to this part of the country. In 1404 it came into the possession of the Hays, the ancestors of the Hays of Errol, from whom it passed by marriage to Sir Peter Crichton, whose descendants owned it for nearly two hundred years, when it again came back to a branch of the Hay family by purchase.

A son of Peter Hay, of Megginch, bought the lands of Naughton, and his posterity held them till 1737, when they were brought to a judicial sale, and purchased by Mr. William Morrison, whose descendants still retain them as their family inheritance. Only a small portion of the ruins of the old Castle have escaped the ravages of the great destroyer, Time. It occupied a commanding situation, and was doubtless a place of some strength and importance in ancient feudal times. The walls on the north are built on the edge of a precipice, which descends to the depth of about one hundred feet to the bottom of a ravine, and the Castle could only be approached by a narrow path winding up the southern face of the hill. The ruins are now enclosed within the grounds of the modern mansion, and the space within the old walls has been tastefully laid out, and planted with rose bushes and other flowers. From their great elevation they command an extensive and magnificent prospect, but permission to visit them must be obtained from the proprietor or the land agent.

The name of Hay carries us back to the tenth century, when the family, whose various offshoots were once so potent and powerful on the Fife and Perthshire sides of the Tay, were raised to wealth and power by the bravery of their ancestor at the battle of Luncarty.

In those times the Norse Kings ruled the northern seas, and were a terror to the countries along the coasts of Europe. They often landed in

Scotland, and plundered and ravaged the country, and carried the spoil to their ships. But these piratical incursions were not tamely endured by the inhabitants, who, on the cry being raised that the "Danes have landed," flocked to the standard raised by the King, and prepared to defend their hearths and homes. The Tay appeared to have been a favourite landing place of the old sea pirates, and the traces of their visits, and the sanguinary battles fought between them and the Scots and Picts, are still to be met with all over the country. One of these battles was fought at Luncarty, near Perth, where the Danes were routed by the Scots and Picts under Kenneth III. It was at this battle that a peasant named Hay, who was ploughing his field near by, rendered his name immortal by his bravery. He saw the battle was going against his countrymen, and, with no other weapons than the wooden yokes of his oxen, and the aid of his sons, he attacked the enemy with such vigour that he inspired the Scots with fresh courage, and they fell on their enemies furiously, and routed them with great slaughter. The Danes retreated to their ships, which were lying at the mouth of the Tay. Kenneth, at the head of his victorious army, pursued them, and overtook them in this locality, and completed the slaughter which was begun on the field of Luncarty. The place where this battle was fought is called Battle Law, and is about a mile south-east of Balmerino. That a great battle must have been fought in this locality

is evident from the remains that have been disinterred in various parts of the country. Stone coffins were dug up in Kilmany, and other relics have been discovered in various parts of the parish of Forgan ; and a stone coffin, in which was found a gold ball, was dug up on the farm of Pease Hill, on the eastern part of the parish of Balmerino. This would be on the line of the retreating army. Pease Hill is on the south side of the road, and is the last place of interest on our homeward journey. If you are pressed for time and care not to follow the road, which is bare and uninteresting in its windings over the low hills, you will find a path leading past the farmhouse, and descending the braes will conduct you to the beach at Wormit Bay, within a few yards of the Tay Bridge From here a half hour's walk will bring you once more to Newport pier.



LEUCHARS.

 O Leuchars and back," not by the "North British," but by the old-fashioned mode of locomotion—on our own feet—is the scene of our last ramble around Newport. The road is so well-known to the residents of Newport, and to Dundonians generally, that it may seem superfluous to say a word about it, as far as they are concerned. For the information of strangers to the locality it is necessary to state that the village of Leuchars is on the St. Andrews Road, about five miles and a half from Newport, and about midway between the Tay Ferry and the ancient University City. Leaving Newport pier, you proceed eastwards till you pass the hotel, and then take the first street on the right at the east corner of the terrace of shops which leads past St. Thomas' Church, and over the hill to the south. This is the great south road, the main line of communication between the Forth and the Tay Ferries, as well as to St. Andrews and the towns and villages on the "East Neuk of Fife." For the first two or three miles beyond Newport the scenery along the road is varied and charming. After an ascent of a quarter of a mile or so you get beyond the fashionable villas that line the roadside, and enter on as fine a bit of country road as you could desire. On

crowning the ridge the road continues its course over flat tableland for nearly two miles, when it begins to descend towards the level plain that skirts the coast for miles between the Eden and the Tay. Immediately beyond Newport you pass the policies and the east gate of Tayfield House, the fine spreading woods overhanging the road for a considerable distance. You pass Forgan Schoolhouse on the right and the Parish Kirk of Forgan on the left, the latter snugly situated in the centre of a grove of trees and protected from the north winds by a wood-crowned hill. In some parts the road is shaded with fine trees, and at others it is open, and affords extensive vistas of the surrounding scenery, which is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, and clothed in Nature's richest green. From the parish kirk of Forgan the country descends gradually till the uplands lose themselves in the flat plain that borders the sea coast. A little beyond the kirk a road crosses the main road, and leads eastward to the old kirkyard of Forgan, in the vicinity of which is a grove of old yew trees which are amongst the oldest of the kind in Scotland. The same road leads west by St. Fort, and forms a communication between Forgan and the western parishes of Fife. For a walk or a drive this is an admirable route, as it opens up that part of the country lying between the first and second line of hills that run parallel with the Tay. But our present destination is Leuchars, and we must continue our journey thither.

Nothing of particular interest is to be met with till you get to St. Michael's, unless you chance to encounter some of the numerous bands of the tramp fraternity, with which the road is infested. You may consider yourself fortunate if you escape the whining importunities of these nomads. At St. Michael's the two great roads from south and east converge into the one which leads to the ferry that separates Dundee from the Kingdom. Juteopolis is the great centre to which the genus tramp gravitates, and as he nears the barrier he grows bold and clamorous to get across. Bare-footed women and troops of children claim your pity, but the barefaced audacity of sturdy "unfortunate mechanics," who have been out of employment for goodness knows how long, are the worst to get rid of. They coolly buttonhole you, fix you with glittering sinister eyes, and compel you, however reluctantly, to listen to their tale of woe. A wife and starving children have been left at home far in the south, and with a brave heart and an empty purse he has tramped all over the country "luckin' for a job." Dundee is his last chance, the last card he has got to play before he throws up the sponge, but the Tay lies between, and "cud yez spare a copper to help to pay me boat across." The last appeal is irresistible, more especially if you have the interest of the Tay Ferries and your own safety at heart; and, after all, the blessings and benisons showered on your head are cheap at a penny.

As you approach Leuchars the scenery changes to an almost dead flat, which extends for miles to east and west. A low range of hills bounding the valley of the Eden hems in the landscape on the south. The highest of these ridges are known by the names of Ardit, Lucklaw, and Craigfoodie; the greatest elevation being about 600 feet. To the east and north stretches the low lying flat known by the name of Tent's Moor. Northward the country is well wooded, while in the vicinity of St. Michael's a large moorland track covered with whins and broom is all ablaze with golden blossoms in the bright spring time.

Leuchars is a flat village, in a flat country. It consists of a row of humble-looking cottages built closely together on either side of the public road. The houses are built of blue whinstone, and are generally one storey high, and roofed with red tile, a peculiarity of the villages in the east of Fife. Here and there you observe a more aristocratic-looking building than the rest, their blue-slated roofs forming a striking contrast to their red-headed neighbours. There is a quiet, sleepy air pervading the whole place; scarcely any of the villagers show themselves in the street; they are a prudent class, keeping their own houses, and their doors shut against strangers. Shops do not appear to thrive, there not being more than two or three with any pretensions to the name, and such "merchants" as there are do business in their own homes. The railway cuts the village in two,

making a level crossing on the main street. In connection with the railway, Leuchars Junction is a place of world-wide fame ; here the branch line to St. Andrews joins the main line, while the Tay Bridge branch also joined the old line here. Day by day the busy whirl of traffic rushes through the village, but thousands of those who are carried past on the railway every year scarcely know of its existence.

Is there anything to be seen at Leuchars? is a question the reader well may ask. Not very much, we admit, either in or around the village, except the church, which of itself is worth walking five miles to see. On the east of the village, a mound or hillock rises like a molehill out of plain, and the eastern extremity of this hillock is occupied by the church and churchyard. There is nothing striking in the appearance of the edifice as seen from a distance, but on a closer examination it will be found to be a remarkable specimen of ancient architecture. It is supposed to have been built at three different periods, the eastern portion forming the chancel with a semi-circular apsis, in which the altar was placed, having been built about the year 1100. The style is Norman, and with the exception of Dalmeny church, it is the only entire specimen of the kind to be seen in any parish kirk in Scotland. A minute description of the building is given in the "Statistical Account" of the parish, to which we are indebted for the following :—

"The eastern portion consists of two divisions ; the chancel, a square building, to which is added a semi-circular recess called the apsis, which gives a rounded appearance to the eastern extremity of the structure. The apsis is narrower, and not so high as the chancel. Externally the walls are ornamented with two tiers of semi-circular arches, running round the building. There are ten in the lower range and nine in the upper, which are smaller than the lower. The arches are formed of zig-zag mouldings, and rest on plain double pillars. A band or fillet surmounts the first tier, and on this rest the pillars forming the upper arcade. The pillars of the upper tier are placed in the centre of the lower arches, and each pair is supported by a pair of intervening piers. The arches, springing from the upper range of pillars, consist of two rows of stones, the lowest being ornamented with zig-zag, and the upper with fillet mouldings. The intervals between the pillars are filled up with masonry, but in three of the upper tiers small windows have been formed to admit light to the interior. At some distance above the upper arcade the wall projects a little, and for its support there is a range of corbals carved into grotesque heads. The outside walls of the chancel are also formed of two tiers of arches, one above the other, but they are more elaborate and intricate in their details than those on the apsis. The lower range of arches rest on four double and two single pillars on each front, and the top of each

alternate pillar is connected with intersecting semi-circular arches, which give the space between each two pillars the form of a Gothic arch, and the effect of the whole is that of a continuous network of arches crossing and interlacing each other. The upper tier rests on a band or fillet immediately above the tower, and they are formed after the design of those in the apsis, with this difference, that the upper pillars stand directly over the lower range of pillars. Above this there is also a row of grotesque faces supporting the projecting upper wall. The roof of the chancel is high pitched, but somewhat lower than the roof of the western division of the building. The roof of the apsis is a conical form, but its original appearance has been altered by the erection of a beehive-shaped belfry, which was added about a century ago. This modern addendum does not tend to enhance the beauty of the structure; it is a clumsy-looking mass of masonry, and to make room for it two courses of stones were taken off the walls, and to support its weight a rude arch was thrown across the interior, which partially obscures the light, besides spoiling the groined ceiling. The interior of the chancel and apsis are in keeping with the exterior, though they have long since been stripped of their ancient glory, and are now used as a bellroom and lumber receptacle. The windows in the interior of the apsis are decorated with pillars of the same pattern as those outside. The roof consists of a simple cross rib of

three reeds, with two arches meeting in the centre, and groined between. These arches spring from short pillars supported by corbals, carved to represent the heads of animals. A lofty arch opened into the body of the chancel, and another opened from thence into the nave, the sides of these arches being formed of three slender pillars, the middle one projecting beyond the others, and the upper arches being ornamented with zig-zag mouldings. This was where the altar stood ; and the floor is raised a little above the level of the floor of the chancel. The interior of the chancel is lighted with three windows, which are also ornamented with pillars and rich mouldings on the arches. The floor is formed of ancient gravestones, the ground underneath being little else than a tomb. The nave, which is more modern than the chancel, is now used as the Parish Church. Formerly it had an aisle on the north, with an arched opening, but this no longer exists. Part of the walls only remain standing, while the arched entrance has been built up. A massive oak door, studded with iron nails, and bound with strong iron bands, like a prison gate, separates the ancient from the modern part of the buildings. Entering from the chancel by this formidable looking gateway, you find yourself in rear of the pulpit—a low set, plain looking rostrum—with the whole body of the church, a long, narrow building, stretching out before your eyes. Internally it is as plain and simple as the strictest Presbyterian could wish.

There is a gallery on the west end, which occupies about a third of the entire length of the church. The roof is painted a light oak colour, the walls are whitewashed, and the interior is lighted with rows of tall Gothic windows on each side."

The most eminent minister whose name is associated with Leuchars Parish Kirk is the Rev. Alexander Henderson, the Knox of the Second Reformation—the great struggle between Prelacy and Presbytery, which began in the reign of Charles I. and ended in the triumph of the latter at the Revolution. In early life it is said that Henderson had a strong predilection for the Prelatical party. He was presented to the living at Leuchars by the Archbishop of St. Andrews, but the parishioners opposed his settlement, and he had to be forcibly intruded into the charge. On the day of his ordination the church was locked against him, and he and the brethren of the Presbytery had to climb into the building by a window. Shortly after this he was converted to Presbyterianism, and to something better, by a sermon he heard preached by the Rev. Mr. Bruce of Kinnaird. Henderson crept into the church where Bruce was preaching, and ensconced himself in the darkest corner. The preacher selected as his text the words—"He that entereth not into the sheepfold by the door, but climbeth in by some other way, the same is a thief and a robber"—a very suggestive text in such a case as his—and the sermon which followed told upon him

with power. Henderson renounced his Prelatical opinions, and soon came to the front in the great struggle. For twenty-six years he was minister of Leuchars, and then he was removed to Edinburgh. He spent a busy life, and was cut off in the midst of his labours. Henderson was one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, the proposal to hold that Assembly having been suggested by him. It is also said that he drew out the Solemn League and Covenant, and exerted his influence on the people to induce them to sign that document. The last work in which he engaged was a debate on Church government with King Charles I.

From the church we naturally wander into the churchyard. There is a fascination about churchyards which attracts even a thoughtless wanderer to pause and ponder on the lessons of immortality which such a spot is calculated to teach. Then

“Come, come wi’ me to the auld kirkyard,
I weel ken the path by the soft green sward,
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,
And we’ll trace out their names in the auld kirkyard.”

Commend me to a genuine auld kirkyard—not your modern cemetery, with its trim-kept walks and pretentious monuments ranked in lines with military precision, and its graves adorned with parterres of flowers like an ornamental flower garden. No, not that, but a real old village kirk-yard, where the little mounds and moss-covered tombstones lie scattered over the ground in sublime confusion, and the long rank grass waving in wild luxuriance, and docks and nettles grow thick in

neglected corners. Such a kirkyard as that surrounds the old kirk of Leuchars. In the midst of such a spot you seem to stand as it were between the living and the dead—the past and the present with all their associations meeting around you. Beneath those grassy mounds moulders the dust of many generations of men and women who have played their part in the drama of life, as the present generation are doing now. Each had their little history, and were borne to the grave by mourning relatives just as the humble surfaceman who met his death while pursuing his daily avocation on the railway track, whose remains were laid beneath the sod in the churchyard of his native place on the very day we visited the village.

Leuchars kirkyard is peculiarly situated. It stands like an island in the plain at the extremity of the village, encircled by roads, and hemmed in by houses on the north like a rampart. On that side the houses are built with their back walls on the face of the brae, which must have been cut plumb to allow the building to rest against it. These houses are, with the exception of one in the centre of the row, all one storey, and their red tiled roofs slope down almost to the level of the graveyard. Strange that such sites should have been selected for building cottages, as their floors must be lower than the level of the deepest graves. By the laws of sanitary science such abodes must be pesthouses of disease, and yet they are all

tenanted, and their occupants apparently in the enjoyment of good health.

A little to the north of the village is a curious mound of earth, about an acre in extent, and planted with yew trees, on which, in former times, stood the Castle of Leuchars. It was an ancient fortification, and was supposed to have been built by the Picts. In later times it was a stronghold of the Earls of Fife. It was built on the edge of a marsh, and was surrounded by a deep moat, and was a place of great strength. Nothing now remains of this ancient fortalice but its site, which is believed to be artificial. What is known as the lodge of the old Castle has been converted into a fine country mansion, and bears the name of "Leuchars Lodge." It was the property of the late Mr. Isdale, a Dundee merchant, who greatly improved the house, and laid out the grounds in a tasteful style. A marshy piece of ground, lying between the mansion and the public road, has been taken advantage of, and converted into a circular sheet of ornamental water, with a wooded island in the centre. The house and grounds, with the ornamental water, are situated on the north side of the road as you approach the village from Newport, and they add much to the beauty of the district.

About half a mile south-east from the village, on the St. Andrews road, is the old mansion house of Earlshall, finely situated amongst grand old woods. It is a remarkable place, and well worthy of a visit.

Originally it was one of the seats of the Earls of Fife, from which it derived its name. In later times it came into the possession of a branch of the Bruces of Clackmannan. One of its owners figured in the Covenanting persecutions, and was known as "The Bloody Bruce of Earlshall"—a name synonymous with that applied to his friend Claverhouse. The old house is now deserted, and in a semi-ruinous condition. The chief object of attraction about the building is a large hall, the walls of which are covered with beautiful carvings and quaint and curious inscriptions. You may return again by the road you came, but a good pedestrian with time to spare may vary the scenery on the homeward journey by taking the Tayport road at St. Michael's. About a mile on this road another road branches off to the west along the valley, and, passing the old kirk and kirkyard of Forgan and the manse, joins the main road again about three miles from Newport. This, of course, will lengthen out the journey by three miles or so, but those who have never seen Forgan kirkyard and the Kirkton yew trees will be amply compensated for the extra fatigue.



ADDENDA.



BRIEF summary of some important events which have transpired since the foregoing pages were written will be necessary to bring the History down to the year 1890. The year 1887, in which Her Majesty's Jubilee was celebrated, will be ever memorable in the annals of Newport. In July of that year the second Tay Bridge was opened, and the Lintrathen Water Supply, cut off by the fall of the first viaduct, was again restored to the inhabitants, and the temporary works erected at Wormit were discontinued. The re-opening of railway communication with Dundee gave a fresh impetus to building on the Fife side of the river, and the erection of villas in the neighbourhood of Wormit augur the rapid extension of Newport in that direction. During that memorable year the village was constituted into a Police burgh, by the adoption of the Lindsay Act. The names of the first Magistrates and Commissioners elected to control the affairs of the burgh are given in the introduction to the volume.

Reference has already bee made to the Blyth Hall, which was built in 1876 by Mrs. Blyth-Martin as a memorial to her three brothers. In the Jubilee Year Mrs. Martin again laid the community under a deep debt of gratitude by her munificent liberality.

Originally Mrs. Martin vested a sum of £4,000 in the hands of Trustees for the erection and maintenance of a public hall for the benefit of the inhabitants. A debt, however, remained on the building, and, as a Jubilee gift, Mrs.

Martin gave another sum of £1,000 to the Trustees of the Blyth Hall, which they applied to the reduction of the debt. The want of accommodation for carrying on the business of the Police Commission had been a subject of some anxiety to the Commissioners. This matter having come to the knowledge of Mrs. Martin, she generously came forward and helped them out of their difficulty. By the terms of an arrangement entered into with Mrs. Martin, the Trustees were enabled to extend and improve the Blyth Hall buildings. The edifice now contains, in addition to the large hall and a small hall, offices for the Police Commission, Parochial and School Boards, and a Public Reading Room. The completion of the buildings was inaugurated by a grand ball held on 14th October, 1890, on which occasion Mrs. Martin was presented with an illuminated address. A public dinner was also given in the Blyth Hall on the 15th, the following day, presided over by Chief Magistrate Scott. The health of Mrs. Martin was proposed by the Chief Magistrate and drunk with all the honours. Her husband, Mr. W. Y. Blyth-Martin, at his own expense erected the tall flagstaff in the Blyth Hall grounds. It is 120 feet high, and resembles the flagstaff in St. Mark's Square, Venice. The total sum gifted to the Blyth Hall by Mrs. Martin amounts to about £7,000.

Among other events may be mentioned the marriage, in 1888, of Miss Stewart, the heiress of St. Fort, to Walter Orlando Corbet, Captain Coldstream Guards, and son of Sir Vincent Corbet, of Moreton, Salop.

The Parish Church of Forgan was again, in the beginning of 1890, declared vacant by the translation of the Rev. Thomas Martin to the Parish Church of Cramond, Mid-Lothian. In October of the same year, the Rev. Thomas Munn, of Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh, was called to the charge, being the second minister since the death of the Rev. Dr. Thomson.

Mr. Harry Walker of Westwood died in March, 1889.

His name will long be remembered in Newport for the interest he took in the prosperity of the place. For several years he held the office of chairman of the Parochial Board and Local Authority, and rendered valuable service in that capacity, especially in relation to the Water Supply.

We have also to record the death of Admiral Maitland-Dougal of Scotsraig, which occurred at Scotsraig on 7th March, 1890. The Admiral was one of the most popular men in the district. He took a leading part in all Christian and philanthropic movements, and he always manifested a warm interest in the welfare of the inhabitants of Tayport. His remains were interred with military honours in the New Cemetery of Tayport on Wednesday, 12th March.

With reference to Naughton House, page 241, it should have been added that the estate is now possessed by a younger branch of the Duncans of Camperdown, the Morison family having died out about forty years ago. Mrs. Morison Duncan, the present proprietor, is widely known and highly esteemed for her Christian liberality and the interest she takes in the social and educational progress of young women. She also devotes great attention to agricultural affairs, and the improvement of the estate. The Naughton herd of polled cattle is considered one of the finest of that class of stock in this district. In July, 1890, when the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show was held in Dundee, Naughton was visited by the Directors of the Association and a number of leading agriculturists, in response to Mrs. Morison Duncan's invitation, to partake of her hospitality and inspect her fine herd of cattle.

It should have been stated on page 179, when referring to Waterloo House, Tayport, that the lands were originally possessed by the Kays, a family now extinct. Miss Rattray the present owner, is the first of that name, she having succeeded through her maternal ancestors.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BURIAL PLACE AT WESTWOOD.

Mention is made in Part I., page 3, of urns having been found in the grounds of Westwood, the residence of the late Harry Walker, Esquire. An interesting description of the "find," by the late Mr. Andrew Jervise, corresponding member of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, was published in the Proceedings of the Society in March, 1866. Mr. J. H. Walker of Westwood has kindly supplied us with a copy of the treatise, from which we give a few extracts :—

"In the end of October, 1865, while workmen were trenching the grounds of Westwood, they came upon traces of an old burial-place in the line of the carriage-drive leading to the house, which was then being built. Fortunately (although not before some of the urns had been broken and their contents scattered) Mr. Walker's attention was called to the discovery, when he gave special orders to the workmen to take care of anything that might subsequently turn up. Mr. Jervise being in the locality at the time, he was invited to examine the place, and in company with Mr. Walker and his brother-in-law, Mr. Neish of the Laws, and Mr. Berry of Tayfield, he visited the spot, and had the satisfaction of disinterring some of the urns. After giving a detailed description of the urns, which were about 12 in number, and filled with earth and bones, he proceeds to say that the interments were evidently disposed of in a circle. The circle was 14 feet in diameter, and in the centre lay the fragment No. 1, as shewn in an engraving, surrounded by a mass of burnt ashes and charcoal. This was supposed to have been the largest of all the urns, and due north of it, also in an inverted position and embedded in charred ashes, was the next largest, No. 7. It was pretty entire; 14½ inches high, 9¾ inches across the mouth, and 3¾ inches at the base. The urns were found at different depths below the surface, varying from 8 to 20 inches; and neither the form nor ornamentation of any two

of them are quite alike. As already mentioned, they were unprotected by stones, and no stones of any size, slate or boulders, were to be found in the locality. With the exception of the urns Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5, the others were placed in an inverted position, which shews that different modes of interment were adopted in one and the same circle, points that possibly indicate the deposits to have been made at various periods, if not by different classes of people. . . . I am not aware (he says) of any parallel cases of the discovery of urns and bones in circles having been got in this country, if we except those sometimes found in connection with stone circles, and those at St. Maden's Knowe, near Airlie. . . . Like most discoveries of human remains in Scotland, those at Westwood were popularly associated with some supposed conflict or battle. It is much more probable, however, that these urns only indicate the burial place of the early inhabitants of the district, who had died peaceably in their own rude huts and been interred by the hands of relatives or friends, in the singularly careful way in which the discovery of the remains has brought to light.

"It is probable, from the many natural advantages which the site affords, that the neighbourhood had been peopled at a very remote period, and by men well skilled in the useful arts. On the west, south, and east, lay vast tracks of hill, dale, and marsh, which doubtless had been well stocked with most of the animals of the chase then known to Scotland ; while the Tay, not only favourable for the then essential purpose of fishing, also formed a short and easy means of communication between the inhabitants and the opposite shores of Perth and Angus.

"Westwood lies on the south bank of the Tay, on the lands of Seamills, or Seymills, which were anciently a portion of the estate and barony of Inverdovat. The site commands an extensive and interesting view of the counties of Perth and Forfar, and the populous city of Dundee. The

ground slopes rather rapidly to the south and east, where it is bounded by a burn which runs through a pretty dell. Mr. Berry of Tayfield (the modern name of the lands of Seamills), says that about the year 1855, while workmen were holing trees near Westwood, they came on a sarcophagus or stone coffin, composed of rude, undressed flags of whinstone. It contained bones, but no urn. It also appears that about twenty years prior to that date while Mr. Berry's father was bringing a piece of ground into cultivation which occupies the heights above the steading of Northfield, about a mile east of Westwood, traces of a circular work were found called a "Roman camp." As such it is set down in the Ordnance Survey Map. The work was composed of earth, with a cairn of stones in the centre, in the midst of which was found a stone coffin containing a great quantity of bones. The coffin was of a large size and was made of rudely-polished yellow sandstone. One of the slabs which now stands near Tayfield House is about 6 feet long, 4 feet broad, and 6 inches thick."





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